

CONTACT

10¢

COMICS...

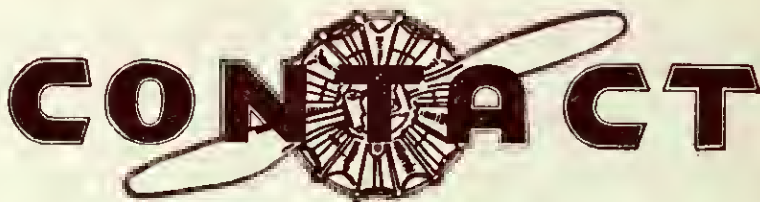
No 12



NOW!

PUBLISHED WHILE IT'S HOT

IN



Aviation News

While It

Still Is News

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ESTABLISHED 1934

Aviation's National Newspaper

12th Year of Service to Aviation

CONTACT—Aviation's National Newspaper—is the parent publication of CONTACT COMICS. Now in its 12th year of service to Aviation, CONTACT is geared up to gather and report Aviation news while it is news—with SPEED and ACCURACY! So much is happening in Aviation today that it is impossible to keep abreast with all that is going on through hit-or-miss news sources—that's why growing thousands are keeping posted with CONTACT.

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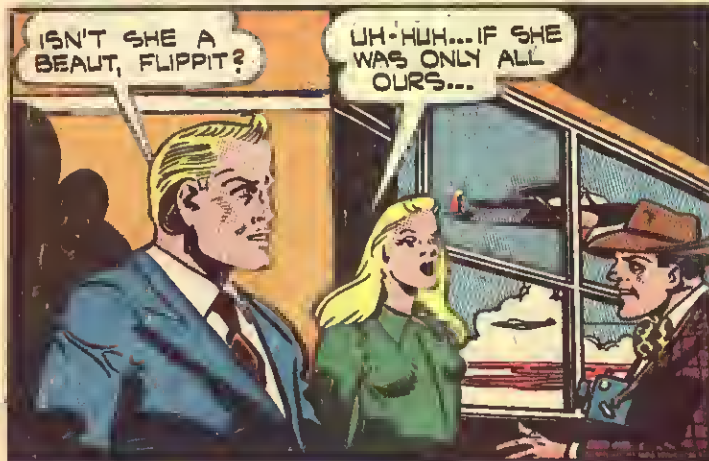
JOHNNY MACE *Aerial Adventure* and CO. IN



MOST PEOPLE TAKE ASPIRIN TO CURE A HEADACHE, BUT THIS WAS A CASE WHERE THE ASPIRIN GAVE A HEADACHE! FOLLOW **JOHNNY MACE** AND HIS PHOTOGRAPHER **SIDE KICK, CLIX**, AS THEY RIDDLE THEIR WAY THROUGH TO A SOLUTION OF A SLEIGH RIDE....

ISN'T SHE A BEAUT, FLIPPIT?

UH-HUH...IF SHE WAS ONLY ALL OURS...



WE ONLY NEED ANOTHER TWO GRAND, AND SHE'LL BE OURS...

JOHNNY MACE, I BELEIVE?



CAN YOU DO AN AERIAL
RECONNAISSANCE
FLIGHT FOR ME? I'D
LIKE A PANORAMA OF
SOME PROPERTY I
OWN....

YOU CAME TO
THE RIGHT
OUTFIT, MR....

SANDERS
IS
THE
NAME!

MY PAL CLIX
IS THE BEST
PHOTOGRAPHER
THE AIR FORCE
EVER THREW
OUT OF A HYPO
BATH....

COME ON
FLIPPIT, LET
THE BOSS
MAKE LIKE A
BUSINESS
MAN...

THIS WILL BE FAIRLY
EXPENSIVE, MR. SANDERS!
THIS IS QUITE AN AREA
YOU WANT PHOTOGRAPHED!

EXPENSE IS NO
OBJECT, BUT
SPEED IS OF
THE ESSENCE!

I'M ASHAMED OF
YOU LISTENING AT
DOORS...

AW, FLIPPIT...
HOW YOU GONNA
FIND OUT THINGS
IF YOU DON'T?
HEY....

HEY! CLIX,
WHAT
GIVES?

DID YA' SEE
HIM...? IT'S
BARRUM,
THE MOST
UNPHOTOGRAPHED
MAN IN THE
WORLD...!

OH...OH...THE OLD
CAMERA BUSTER
UPPER IN PERSON!
...WONDER WHY
HE HATES TO BE
FILMED...?



BLAST YOU....
DON'T....

HEY! MY
BOX...!!



I'LL SUE YOU!!
THAT'S MY
FAVORITE
CAMERA!

I SHOULD SUE YOU
FOR THIS VIOLATION
OF MY PROPERTY...
BUT....



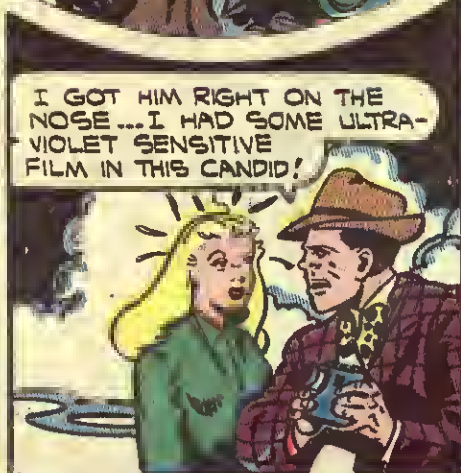
CLIX...
WHERE
ARE
YOUR
BRAINS?
YOU KNEW
HE'D BREAK
YOUR CAMERA!
YOU'LL NEVER
GET HIS PIC!

NO...?
LOOK!!

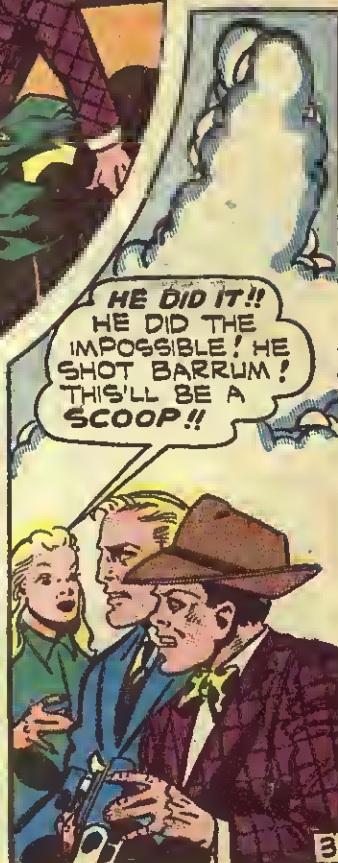


HERE, SHUT YOUR
MOUTH WITH THIS...
BUT REMEMBER...THE
NEXT TIME IT WILL BE
YOU THAT GETS
SMASHED!

WOW!
WHAT A
BREAK! THAT
OLD BOX WAS
ON ITS LAST
LEGS ANYWAY!



I GOT HIM RIGHT ON THE
NOSE...I HAD SOME ULTRA-
VIOLET SENSITIVE
FILM IN THIS CANDID!



HE DID IT!!
HE DID THE
IMPOSSIBLE! HE
SHOT BARRUM!
THIS'LL BE A
SCOOP!!



THEY TOOK
OFF IN A
PLANE FOR
THAT SANDERS
GUY YOU HAD
ME WATCHING!

WHY DIDN'T
YOU SAY SO?
TAKE CARE
OF SANDERS
WHILE I DEAL
WITH THIS
MATTER!

WITH THE PRACTICED
EASE OF LONG
EXPERIENCE....

HOW
THEY
COMING,
CLIX...?

RIGHT ON THE
BEEZER! A
HALF HOUR
MORE AND
WE'LL BE
FINISHED!

BUT, FLARING DOWN OUT
OF THE SKY LIKE A
HUGE HORNET....

HEY! IS
THAT GUY
BATTY? HE'S
GONNA
RAM US!!

JOHNNY... HE'S
GOT **GUNS**...
AND I THINK
HE'S GONNA
USE THEM!

HANG
ONTO
YOUR
BONNETS,
KIDS...

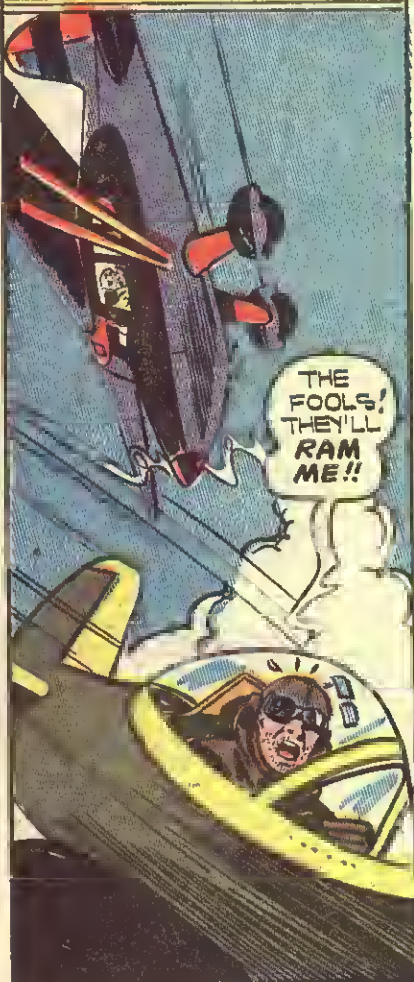
CURVETTING LIKE A GULL....

HE MEANS BUSINESS!
THIS IS LIKE THE OLD
DAYS ...ONLY THEN WE
HAD A COUPLE OF GUNS
OURSELVES!

THERE'S
ONLY ONE
THING
TO DO...

LET'S DO
IT WHAT-
EVER IT
IS...THIS
IS GETTING
A LITTLE
WARM...

**RISKING ALL, ON A SEEMINGLY
SUICIDAL STRATEGEM....**



THE
FOOLS!
THEY'LL
RAM
ME!!

BLUFF OR...

JOHNNY...ARE
YOU GOING TO
RAM HIM...?

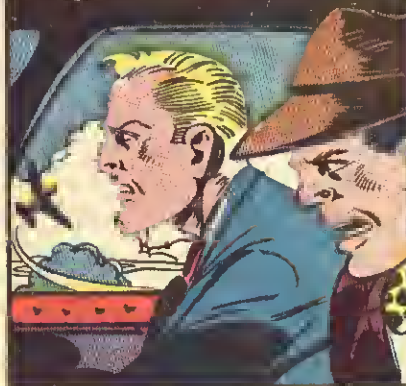


THE MANIACS....
THEY'LL....I CAN'T
STAND IT...I'LL...
I'LL HAVE TO...



GUESS WE
PLAYED TOO
ROUGH FOR
HIM...WHO-
EVER IT
WAS...

WONDER
WHAT'S
BEHIND
ALL
THIS?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT
THE SCORE IS, BUT
IT SEEMS TO ME WE
BETTER GET OUT OF
THE AIR BEFORE THAT
CHARACTER GETS UP
ENOUGH COURAGE TO
COME BACK FOR US!

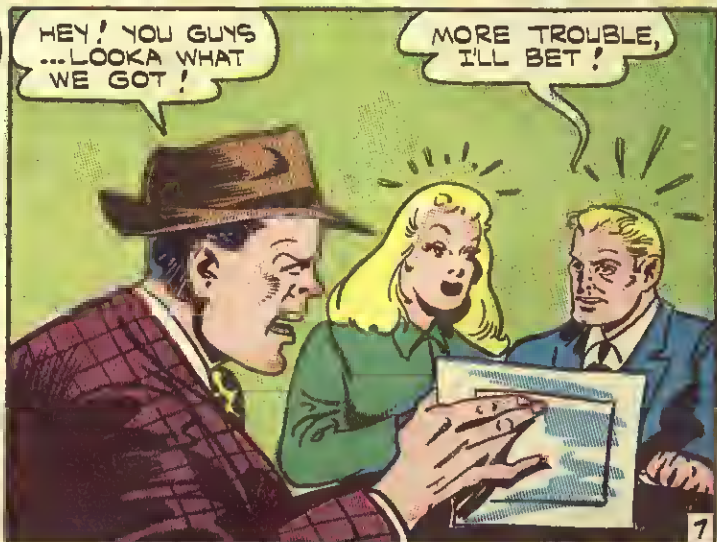
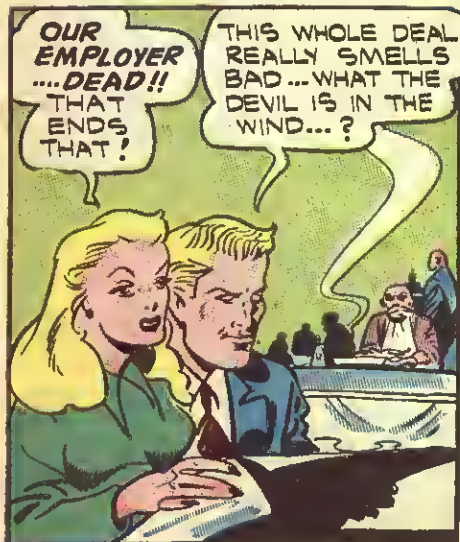
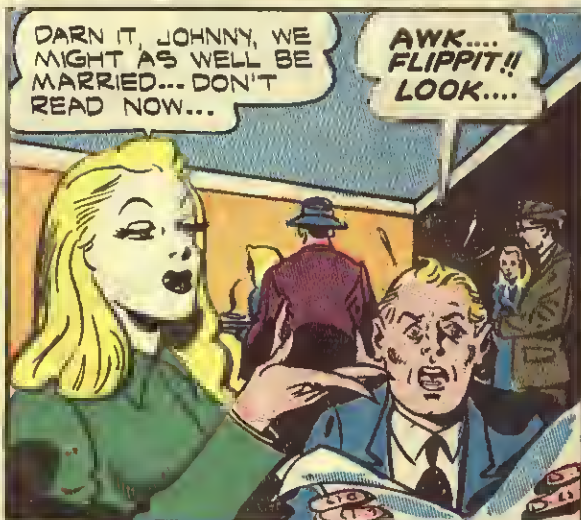
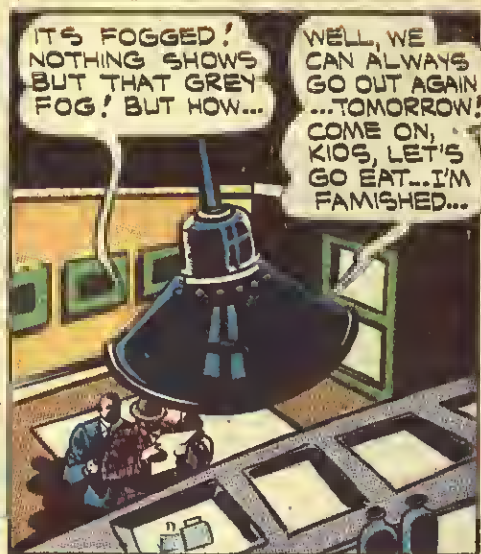
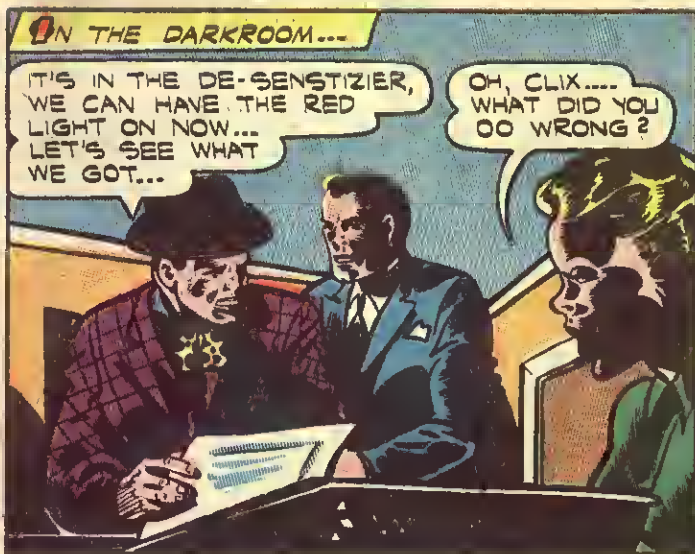


I'M AFRAID YOU'RE
RIGHT...WE'D
BETTER CALL IT
A DAY...

CALL IT A DAY...ME IN THE
OAKROOM ALL NIGHT
AND THEY CALL IT A
DAY....

WE'LL HELP CLIX,
DON'T MAKE
LIKE A TRAGEDY
QUEEN!





OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT,
EVIL EYES GLEAM....

THAT SETTLES
IT...WE MUST
GET RID
OF THEM!

WHAT ARE
WE
WAITING
FOR?

IT WAS THE ULTRA
VIOLET LIGHT THAT
SHOWED IT UP!

BUT WHAT'S THE GAG?
DOES IT TIE IN WITH
THE OTHER FILM BEING
FOGGED...?

B.O. 7453

GET DOWN,
EVERYBODY!

AND ME IN A
BRAND NEW
DRESS....

BANG
BANG

I THINK
THAT'S
BARRUM
OUT
THERE!

THOSE LETTERS ON
HIS FOREHEAD...
THEY'RE MADE BY
DISSOLVING
ASPIRIN IN WATER
...IT'S ULTRA VIOLET
RAY SENSITIVE...
SPIES USED IT
IN THE WAR...

THAT MUST MEAN
BARRUM BELONGS
TO SOME KIND
OF SUBVERSIVE
GROUP...

WHAT A BREAK!
HERE COME
THE COPS!

JOHNNY.. THAT
FOGGED FILM..
IT WASN'T MY
FAULT... THE
GROUND MUSTA
HAD SOME
RADIO ACTIVE
SUBSTANCE
IN IT..

RIGHT! THEY
KILLED SANDERS
TO KEEP HIM
FROM KNOWING
THAT HE HAD
A FORTUNE IN
URANIUM!!

ALL BUT THE
DOUGH-RE-ME
FOR THE
PLANE! WHAT
A LIFE...!

THE END

MOON EXPRESS



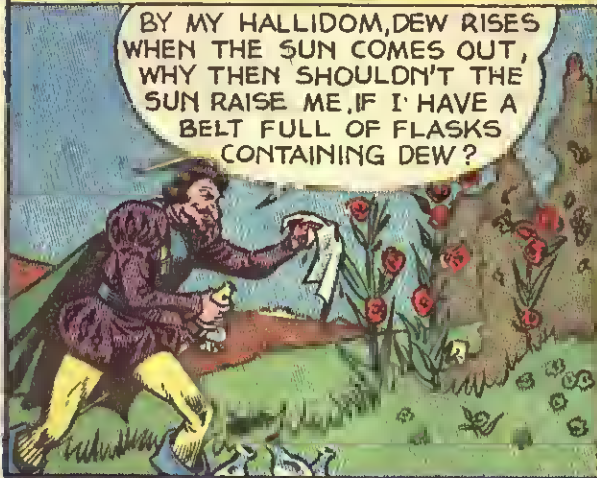
LIKE TO TAKE A RIDE TO THE MOON? WELL, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT TOO LONG! ROCKET EXPERT WILLY LEY AND URANIUM EXPERT JOHN CAMPBELL WILL BET THAT THE FIRST ROCKET TO ARRIVE AT THE MOON WILL BE BEFORE 1950! HERE'S WHY...

EVER SINCE THE DAWN OF GUN-POWDER BACK IN OLD CATHAY, MAN HAS WONDERED...

HMM...THIS STUPID ONE CANNOT HELP WONDERING WHY SUCH A MEANS OF PROPULSION WOULD NOT CARRY A MAN THRU THE CELESTIAL AIR!

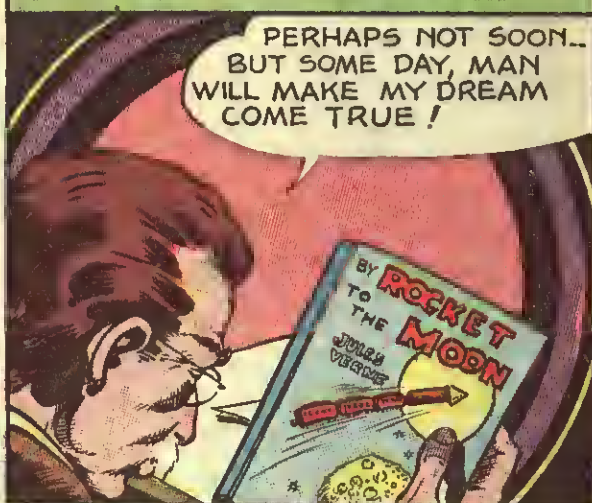
CYRANO DE BERGERAC WONDERED WHY YOU COULDN'T COLLECT DEW IN THE EARLY MORNING...

BY MY HALLIDOM, DEW RISES WHEN THE SUN COMES OUT, WHY THEN SHOULDN'T THE SUN RAISE ME, IF I HAVE A BELT FULL OF FLASKS CONTAINING DEW?



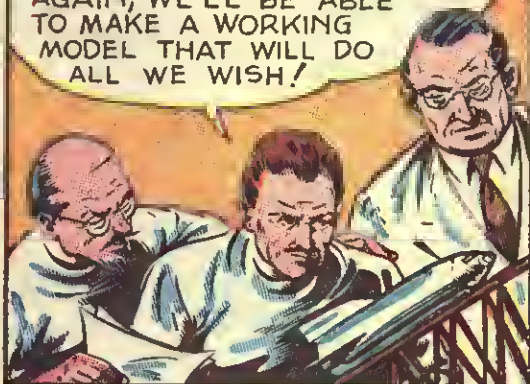
AS FAR BACK AS THE 1880'S JULES VERNES PREDICTED...

PERHAPS NOT SOON... BUT SOME DAY, MAN WILL MAKE MY DREAM COME TRUE!



IN THE 1930'S ROCKET EXPERIMENTATION IN BERLIN, GERMANY, WAS AT ITS HEIGHT...

IF HERR HITLER, BLAST HIM, DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH US AGAIN, WE'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE A WORKING MODEL THAT WILL DO ALL WE WISH!



LOOK... MODEL NO. 37-B WORKS! WE ARE ON THE RIGHT TRAIL AT LAST!

YES, BUT GOOD ARYAN SCIENTISTS WILL TAKE OVER NOW!



YES, THE FASCIST RATS MADE THE SAME MISTAKE WITH ROCKETS AS THEY DID WITH URANIUM-235... THEY DROVE OFF AND KILLED THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAD THE KNOWLEDGE...



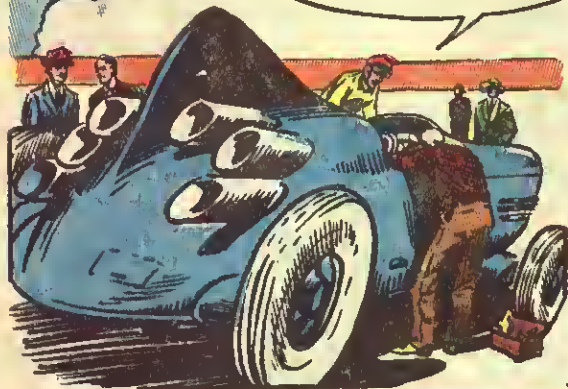
IN AMERICA, WE WERE STILL EXPERIMENTING... DR. GODDARD HAS WORKED FOR 20 YEARS OUT IN THE ARIZONA DESERT...

THIS NEW FUEL MAY HELP... IF WE ONLY HAD ATOMIC POWER... THEN THE MOON AND THE STARS WOULD BE OURS...

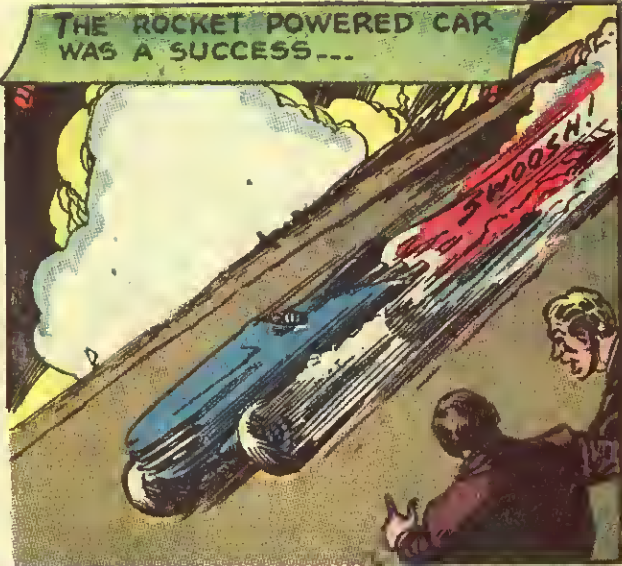


THE PROBLEM WAS ATTACKED IN MANY WAYS.. THERE WAS A MAN WHO..

THIS WILL SHOW THEM THE POWER OF THE ROCKETS



THE ROCKET POWERED CAR WAS A SUCCESS...



THERE WAS A GROUP THAT TRIED TO ESTABLISH A MAIL ROUTE WITH ROCKETS...

IF WE CAN PUT THIS MAIL ROUTE ON A PAYING BASIS WE MAY BE ABLE TO INTEREST SOME MILLIONAIRE INTO BACKING OUR EXPERIMENTS..



BUT



IT WAS TOO SOON..THE PROBLEM THAT ALWAYS BAFFLED THE EXPERIMENTERS WAS...

IT'S NO USE..HYDROGEN HAS FAILED AS A POWER SOURCE..WE KNOW THAT A LIQUID FUEL IS SUPERIOR TO A DRY OR A POWDER BASE..BUT IT IS NOT POWERFUL ENOUGH FOR THE WEIGHT!



THE PROBLEM COULD NOT BE SOLVED TILL...



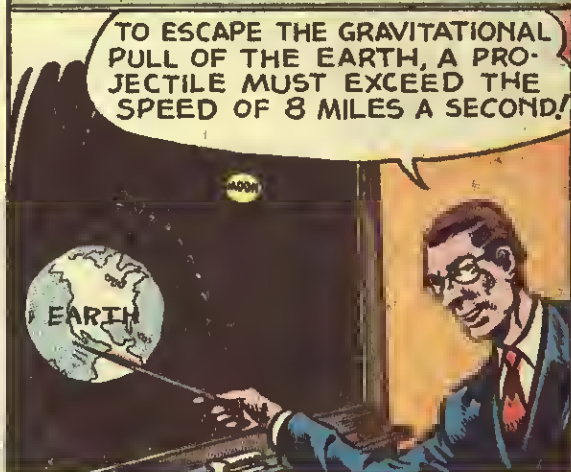
HIROSHIMA... A WORD OF POWER, A WORD TO CONJURE WITH! ATOMIC POWER!

THIS IS IT!
NOW THE MOON
WILL SOON BE OURS!



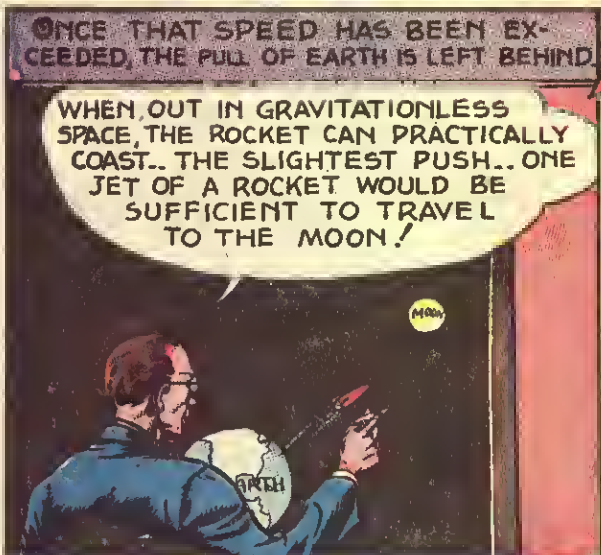
YOU SEE, THE POWER OF U-235
GIVES ALL THE NEEDED POWER TO
BEAT THE PROBLEM OF...

TO ESCAPE THE GRAVITATIONAL
PULL OF THE EARTH, A PRO-
JECTILE MUST EXCEED THE
SPEED OF 8 MILES A SECOND!



ONCE THAT SPEED HAS BEEN EX-
CEEDED, THE PULL OF EARTH IS LEFT BEHIND.

WHEN, OUT IN GRAVITATIONLESS
SPACE, THE ROCKET CAN PRACTICALLY
COAST... THE SLIGHTEST PUSH... ONE
JET OF A ROCKET WOULD BE
SUFFICIENT TO TRAVEL
TO THE MOON!



PRACTICALLY, WHAT HAS BEEN
DONE ON THE SUBJECT?

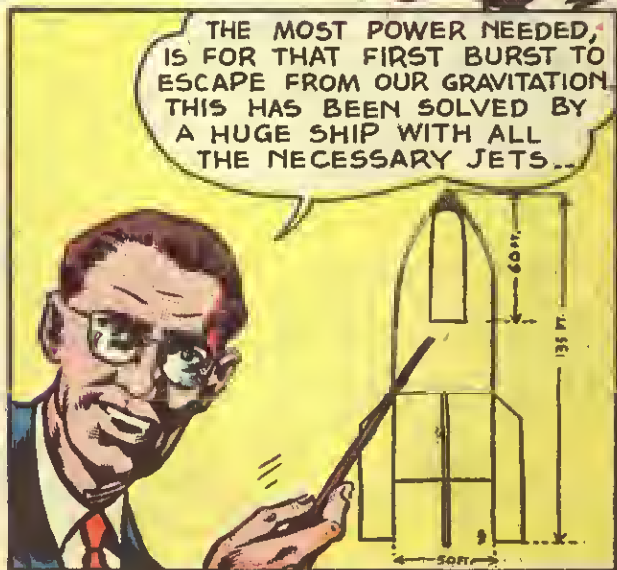
WE WON'T LAND ON THE MOON
FOR A LONG TIME... BECAUSE
THERE IS THE PROBLEM OF
LANDING, TAKING OFF AND
SURVIVING
THE MOON'S
ATMOSPHERE...
BUT THERE IS
NOTHING TO
PREVENT US
FROM...



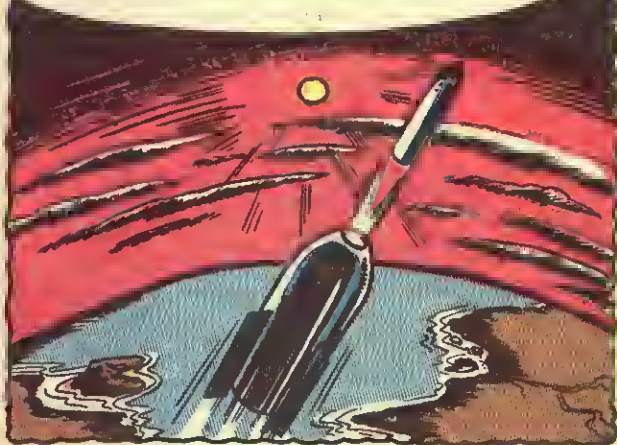
A ROUND-TRIP FROM
EARTH AROUND THE BACK
OF THE MOON WHICH NO
MAN HAS EVER SEEN...
AND BACK TO EARTH!
OUR PLANS FOR THE
ROCKET SHIP ARE
COMPLETE...



THE MOST POWER NEEDED,
IS FOR THAT FIRST BURST TO
ESCAPE FROM OUR GRAVITATION.
THIS HAS BEEN SOLVED BY
A HUGE SHIP WITH ALL
THE NECESSARY JETS...



THE HUGE BURNED OUT JETS CAN BE CAST OFF. THE TIP OF THE BIG SHIP CUTS OFF. IT IS AN ENTIRE ROCKET SHIP IN ITSELF.



SMALL, EASILY CONTROLLABLE, NO POWER WOULD BE NEEDED FOR THE TRIP AROUND THE MOON. THE PATH WOULD BE CHARTED SO AS TO UTILIZE THE PULL OF MOON TO FORCE THE SHIP ONWARD...



ONCE AROUND THE MOON, JUST BEFORE THE MOON'S GRAVITATION WOULD ENGULF THE SHIP...

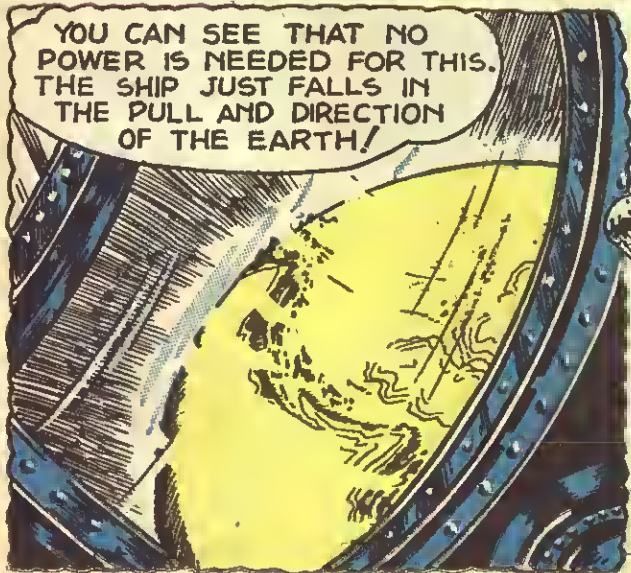
THE SHIP WOULD DISCHARGE ALL ITS JETS AND START THE RETURN TRIP.



AS SOON AS THE ROCKET SHIP HAS ESCAPED FROM THE PULL OF THE MOON AND IS BACK IN FREE SPACE, THE EARTH WOULD START TO PULL IT...

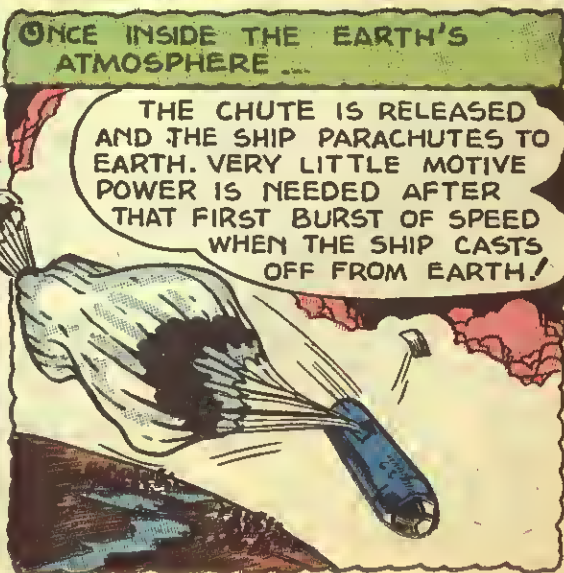


YOU CAN SEE THAT NO POWER IS NEEDED FOR THIS. THE SHIP JUST FALLS IN THE PULL AND DIRECTION OF THE EARTH!



ONCE INSIDE THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE...

THE CHUTE IS RELEASED AND THE SHIP PARACHUTES TO EARTH. VERY LITTLE MOTIVE POWER IS NEEDED AFTER THAT FIRST BURST OF SPEED WHEN THE SHIP CASTS OFF FROM EARTH!





IT IS OBVIOUS THAT NO MAN NEED RISK HIS LIFE ON THE FIRST TRIP. ALL THE NECESSARY OPERATIONS CAN BE DONE BY CLOCKWORK.

WE CAN TIME THE MOVIE CAMERA TO START AS THE SHIP LEAVES EARTH.. THEN IT CUTS OFF AND DOESN'T GO BACK ON AGAIN TILL THE ROCKET IS AT THE BACK OF THE MOON!



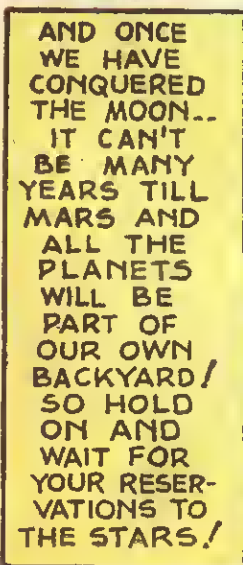
NEVERTHELESS THE FIRST EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET SHOULD BE EXAMINED CLOSELY FOR STOWAWAYS! I'M TEMPTED MYSELF..

IMAGINE BEING THE FIRST MAN TO THE MOON..BUT THAT WILL COME AFTER THE FIRST ROBOT FLIGHT.. WHEN WE LEARN WHAT FURTHER PRECAUTIONS WE MUST TAKE..

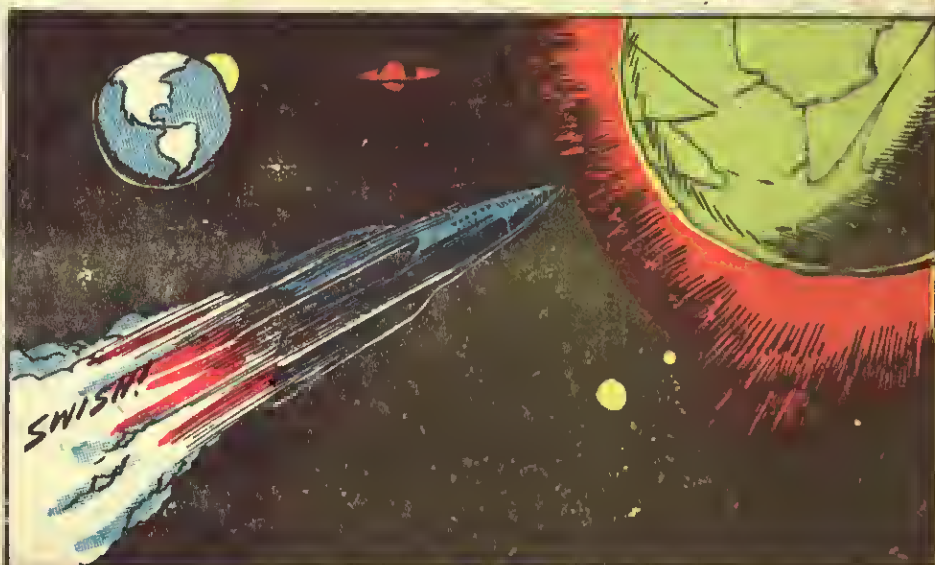
REMEMBER, THIS IS NOT FAR OFF IN THE DISTANT FUTURE.. BUT IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

I HAVE FIGURED OUT THE COSTS INVOLVED. THE MOON ROCKET CAN BE BUILT FOR LESS THAN TEN MILLION DOLLARS!

MUCH, MUCH LESS THAN THE COST OF A SUPER-DREADNOUGHT!



AND ONCE WE HAVE CONQUERED THE MOON.. IT CAN'T BE MANY YEARS TILL MARS AND ALL THE PLANETS WILL BE PART OF OUR OWN BACKYARD! SO HOLD ON AND WAIT FOR YOUR RESERVATIONS TO THE STARS!



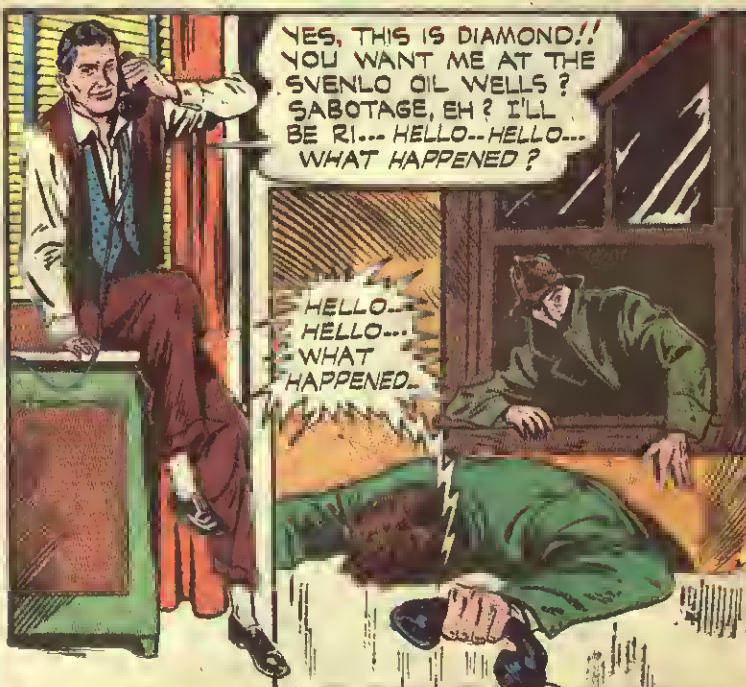


DEEP FROM THE EARTH COMES OIL! THE STICKY BLACK GOLD THAT SPELLS POWER! IN PEACE AS IN WAR FASCIST FORCES ARE STILL TRYING TO GAIN THAT POWER. BUT THAT'S WHERE ACE DIAMOND COMES IN, POWER. DIVING TO MEET A "RENDEZVOUS WITH FIRE..."



! PANIC-STRICKEN MAN PICKS UP A TELEPHONE IN A MIDDLE EAST OIL REFINERY.....

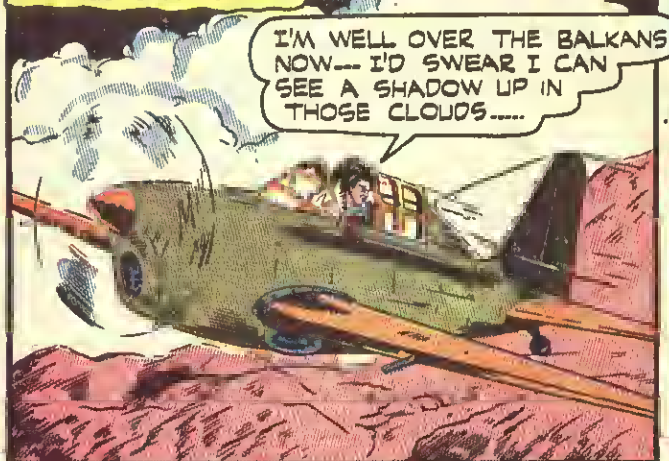
IS THIS DIAMOND?? YOU'RE WANTED HERE AT ONCE!



YES, THIS IS DIAMOND!! YOU WANT ME AT THE SVENLO OIL WELLS? SABOTAGE, EH? I'LL BE RI... HELLO--HELLO... WHAT HAPPENED?

HELLO... HELLO... WHAT HAPPENED...

THE FLYING DETECTIVE HEADS FOR THE SVENLO OIL WELLS AT ONCE!



I'M WELL OVER THE BALKANS NOW--- I'D SWEAR I CAN SEE A SHADOW UP IN THOSE CLOUDS.....

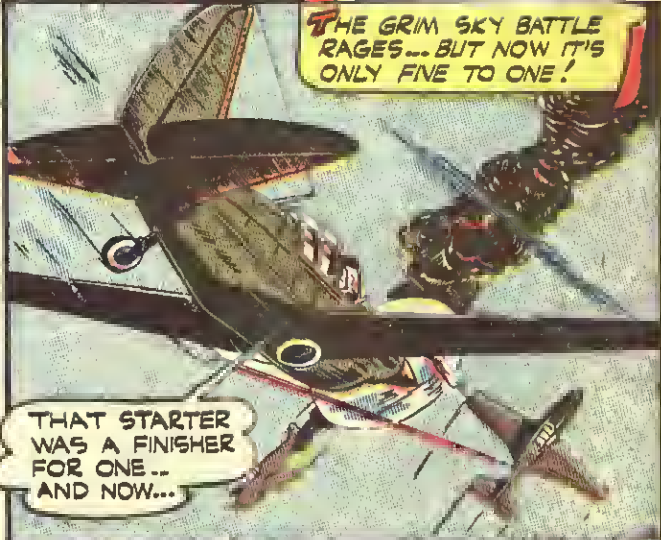
THIS IS NOT WHAT YOU'D CALL A CORDIAL WELCOME! BUT I MUST RETURN THEIR GREETING!



HAVE A LITTLE LEAD, GENTLEMEN! A LITTLE FOR A STARTER!



THE GRIM SKY BATTLE RAGES... BUT NOW IT'S ONLY FINE TO ONE!



THAT STARTER WAS A FINISHER FOR ONE... AND NOW...

HIT IN THE GAS TANK, ANOTHER PLANE BLOWS SKY HIGH!

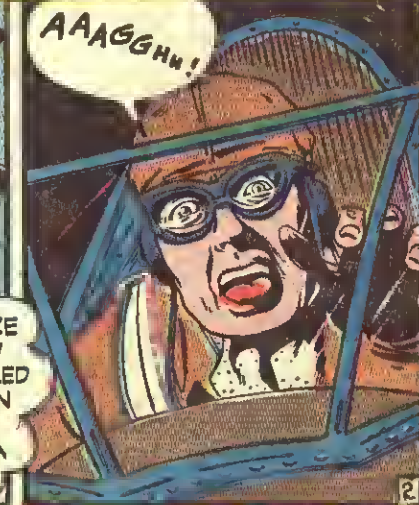


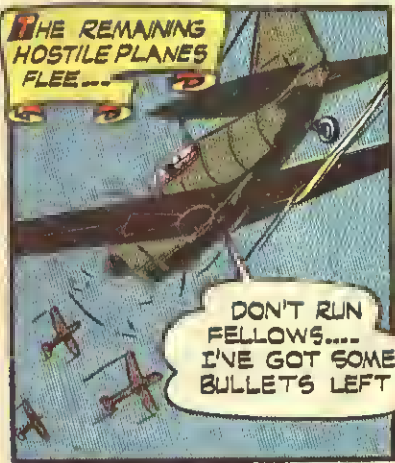
AND A THIRD SOON, FOLLOWS...



AT THE PRIZE FIGHTS, THEY ALWAYS YELLED TO HIT THEM IN THE BELLY--- SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA!

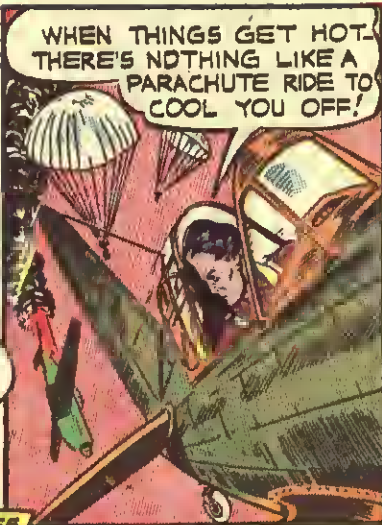
AAAGGHU!





THE REMAINING HOSTILE PLANES FLEE...

DON'T RUN FELLOWS... I'VE GOT SOME BULLETS LEFT!



WHEN THINGS GET HOT... THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A PARACHUTE RIDE TO COOL YOU OFF!



WHEW! THAT WAS A BUSY ROUND WHILE IT LASTED! SOMEBODY DIDN'T WANT ME TO GET TO SVENLO!

AT THE SVENLO WELLS, ACE FINDS A RECEPTION COMMITTEE WAITING FOR HIM...



ANOTHER WELCOMING COMMITTEE?? SEEMS LIKE I'M A PRETTY POPULAR GUY!



LET'S HAVE THE INFORMATION! WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

PLEASE COME TO MY OFFICE! I'M BUTLER, THE MANAGER! THESE MEN ARE CROMBIE, THE PLANT FOREMAN, AND MEEKER, MY ASSISTANT...



I'D BETTER STAY HERE AND WATCH THE PLANT! MR. DIAMOND CAN SEE ME LATER!

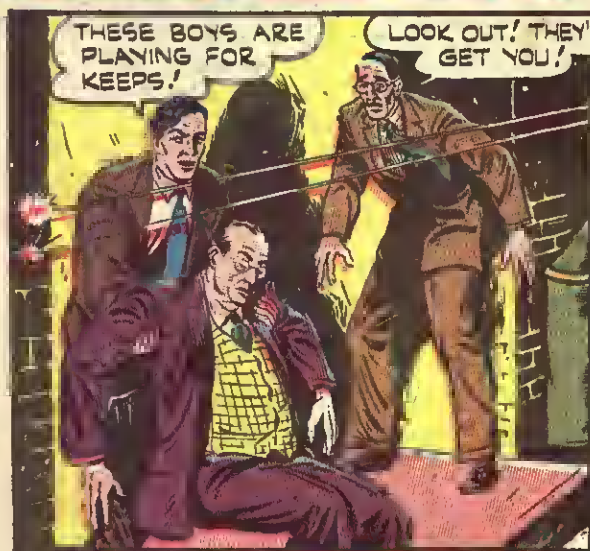
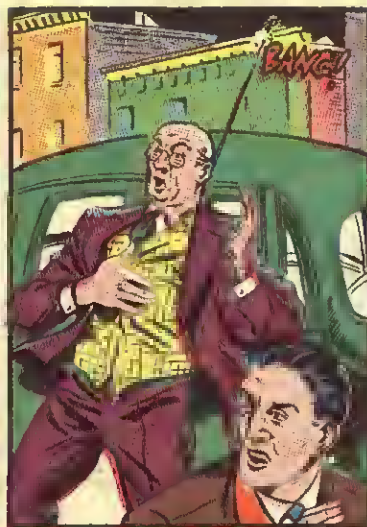
VERY WELL, CROMBIE! THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!

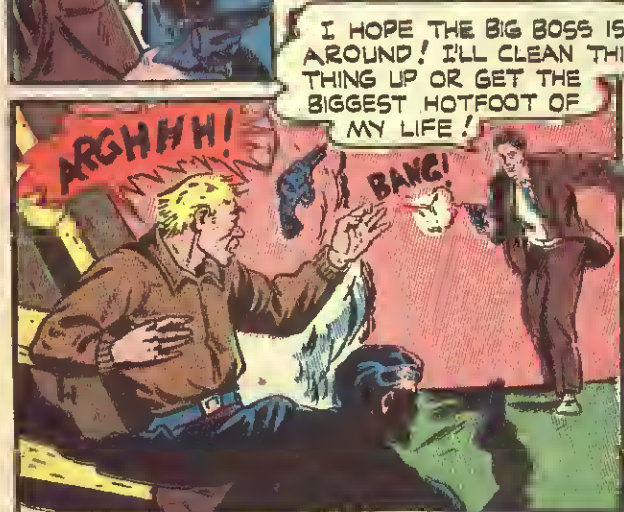


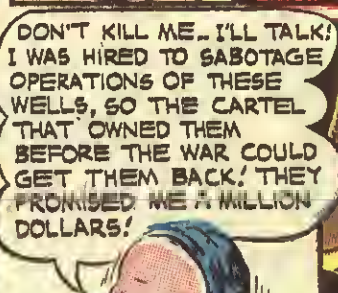
I TELL YOU, DIAMOND, THERE'S SABOTAGE AFOOT! THAT'S WHY THE THREE OF US DECIDED TO CALL YOU IN!



YES, AND MR. JOHNSON...BUT HE WAS KILLED!

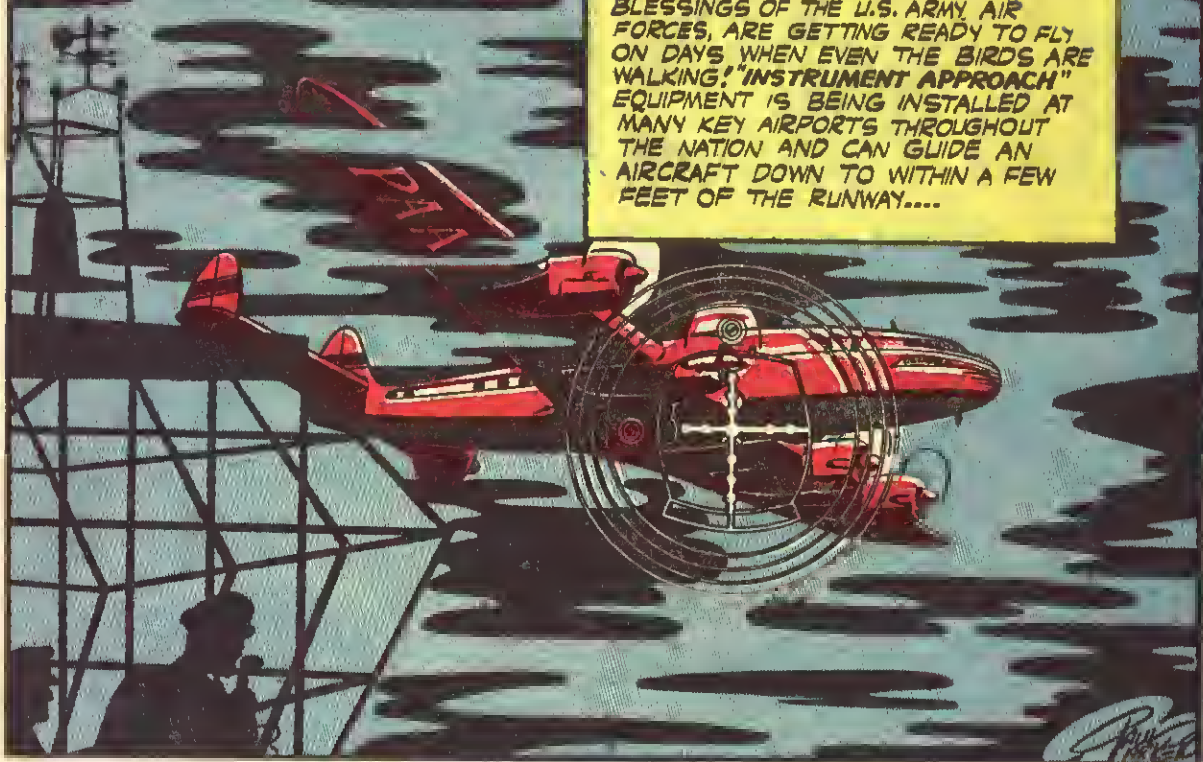






INSTRUMENT APPROACH

AMERICAN AIRMEN, WITH THE BLESSINGS OF THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES, ARE GETTING READY TO FLY ON DAYS WHEN EVEN THE BIRDS ARE WALKING! "INSTRUMENT APPROACH" EQUIPMENT IS BEING INSTALLED AT MANY KEY AIRPORTS THROUGHOUT THE NATION AND CAN GUIDE AN AIRCRAFT DOWN TO WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE RUNWAY....

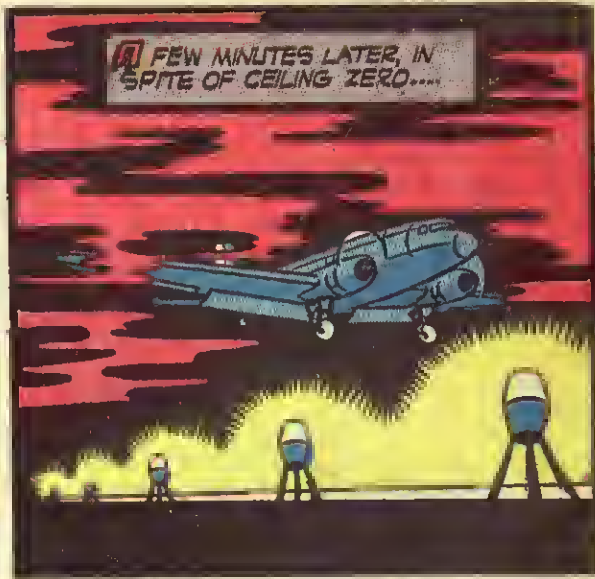


IN THE NEAR FUTURE....

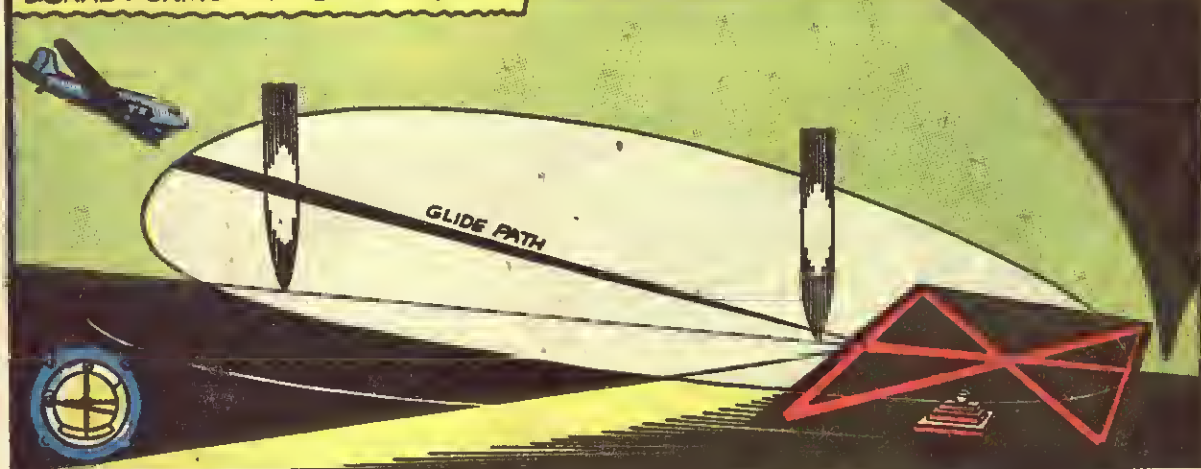
I UNDERSTAND THAT THERE IS A HEAVY FOG AT MY DESTINATION...WILL MY FLIGHT BE CANCELLED?

NO, SIR! THE FLIGHT WILL LEAVE AS SCHEDULED!

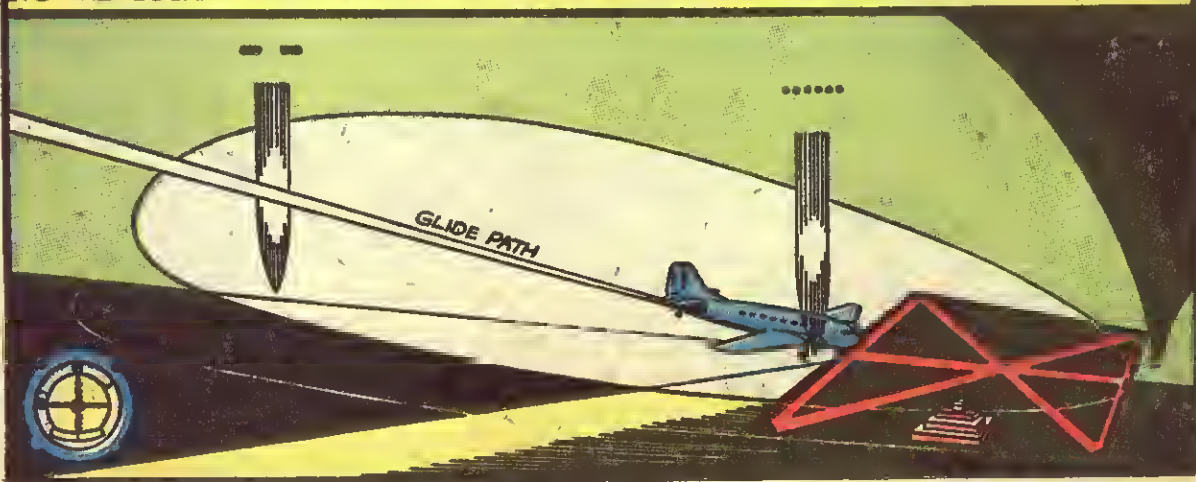




ULTRA-HIGH FREQUENCY RADIO SIGNALS CAN BE TRANSMITTED IN ANY DIRECTION....THE HORIZONTAL SIGNAL LINES UP THE PLANE WITH THE RUNWAY AND THE VERTICAL SIGNAL FORMS THE GLIDE PATH....



BY VISUAL INDICATIONS ON THE **APPROACH INDICATOR**, THE PILOT GUIDES HIMSELF DOWN THE **GLIDE PATH** TO THE RUNWAY! THE **MARKER BEACONS** FLASH A SIGNAL TO THE COCKPIT AND TELL HIM HOW FAR HE IS FROM THE FIELD...



CEILING

ZERO

"What a beautiful night to be in bed," thought the Ticket Agent as he drowsily gazed out the window. The Airport waiting room was practically deserted for all flights had been cancelled, until further notice.

Outside, the air was filled with twisting, swirling snowflakes which covered the building like a blanket. It was the worst snowstorm New York had seen in a decade. All Air Traffic was grounded as far west as Chicago and as far south as Charleston. The Weather Forecaster had predicted no let-up within the next twenty four hours.

A long black Sedan skidded to a halt in front of the Airport Administration Building. Several husky men got out and hurried into the ticket office. The drowsy Agent was awakened by the strong commanding voice. "Where can I find the Traffic Manager?"

"He is in his Office, Sir," replied the startled Agent. "Who shall I say is calling?"

The man whisked a shiny badge from his coat pocket. "The F.B.I."

The Ticket Agent hurried away and when he returned a few minutes later he found several more men standing at the counter.

"The Traffic Manager will see you, Gentlemen. Would you please follow me." They nodded and followed him up the stairs to the Manager's Office.

Wasting no time with formalities, the F.B.I. man faced the Traffic Manager. "It is of the utmost importance that we get to Washington, tonight. Our failure to reach there would cause an International catastrophe."

"You Gentlemen know that all Flights have been cancelled and it is almost impossible to get a plane through."

"Yes, yes," replied the F.B.I. man impatiently. "The roads are blocked, the Trains cannot get through and this is our only chance of getting to Washington, tonight."

"But I haven't the authority to—"

"I want you to meet this Gentleman," interrupted the F.B.I. man. He pointed to a medium sized, bespectacled man who had been sitting

quietly in the back shadows of the room. "This is—"

Down in the Pilot's locker room the fliers were trying vainly to amuse themselves. These men who had gambled, at one time or another, for the highest stakes imaginable, life or death, found a penny-ante game of poker very dull.

"Slip Corbett and Charlie Holt, report to the Traffic Manager's Office, immediately," the loud-speaker blared through the room.

"Guess that means us," said Slip as he looked at the small man sitting next to him. "C'mon Babyface, let's go."

As Slip and Charlie opened the Old Man's Door and walked into his office, the men in the room stood up and turned toward them. "Gentlemen, this is Slip Corbett and Charlie Holt."

Slip glanced warily around the room trying to make out the faces of the men. For some peculiar reason, the room had been darkened and one of the men stood back in the dim shadows.

"Slip, do you think you can make it to Washington, tonight?"

"Uh-uh, yes sir," mumbled Slip. Then he caught a glimpse of the man in the shadows. A faint spark of recognition ignited his brain, but he couldn't exactly place the medium built, bespectacled man.

"The runways here are covered with snow about four inches deep. So you will have to have a minimum load on the ship. Take No. 234 and I'll have her loaded with Two hours of fuel. That will leave you a margin of forty five minutes and make the takeoff comparatively safe! The snowfall in Washington has been very light but the full fury of the storm will reach there before you do. I would suggest you land at the Army Base and use the new, Localizer Beam."

"Yes sir," repeated Slip "Charlie and I will get our togs."

"Before you go. It is of the utmost importance that you mention this flight to no one. These Gentlemen desire secrecy, for now and for ever. When you get to Washington, lay over until the weather clears."

As Slip and Babyface walked toward the hangar, the snow reached out, covering them from head to foot. Slip was already planning the dangerous trip ahead, for he knew it would be a precarious flight. His thoughts were jumbled—why this oh so secret stuff—and who was that—. "C'mon Slip, where do you think you're going?"

Slip glanced up and noticed he was walking by the Hangar. "Sorry, Babyface, guess I was thinking."

A few minutes later as they taxied to the front of the Administration Building, Slip noticed the group of men hurrying toward the plane. He tried to pierce the wall of snow with his eyes but to no avail. Oh well, he thought as he settled back to the business ahead. This is going to be a tough trip and I'd better keep my mind on my work.

Babyface came back up the ramp and seated himself in the right hand seat. "Let's go, Slip," he said, "the passengers are all settled."

"Tower Control from 234. Taxi and Takeoff instructions, please. Over."

"Tower Control to 234. Taxi to runway 27 and takeoff when ready."

"Roger. Wilco."

The large aircraft shuddered as Slip ran the engines up to full power. Both he and Charlie were holding the brakes until Slip shouted. "O.K., let's go." The plane surged forward as the twin propellers took gigantic pieces of air and snow and threw it behind them. Slip held the wheel with both hands and concentrated on his Instruments. The airspeed read 70—80—90—100—110 and Slip eased back the wheel and the plane gracefully left the earth. "Wheels up. 40 inches. 1900 r.p.m." Ordered Slip and Charlie executed them almost before he could say the words.

In ten long minutes they were at 5000 ft. The course was set for 200 degrees, the airspeed was 160 mph, so they should reach Washington in about one and three quarter hours. Tracking down the right side of the Philadelphia beam, all seemed well, so they set the ship on the Automatic Pilot, leaned back and relaxed.

Babyface broke the silence and asked, "Slip, what do you make of this deal?"

"I'm not sure Kid," replied Slip. "It seems I've seen one of those men before. Just where, I can't seem to recall?"

"With those big husky guys sticking around him all the time he must be someone real important."

"Hold the fort for a while. I'm going back to see if I can get a better look at his face."

He got up and walked back to the Passenger's Deck. As he stepped inside he looked around. Several of the men stared at him and watched his every move. He saw the little man snoozing in his seat with his hat propped over his face. One of the big men got up and walked toward him. "Anything wrong?" he asked. "No, nothing," answered Slip. "Just came back to see how you were getting

along." "Unnh," grunted the FBI man ominously and returned to his seat.

Just at that moment the ship jerked violently and almost threw Slip off his feet. He rushed back to the cockpit and saw Charlie violently pumping the Hydraulic Handle. "What's the matter?"

"The Hydraulic System is on the blink. I guess we'll have to fly this thing all the way to Washington, 'cause the Automatic Pilot won't work."

Slip sat down and took over the controls.

For an hour he battled the fury of the storm using his years of experience and wisdom to beat it. Finally, he called to Babyface for the Washington Army Localizer Beam. As Charlie switched it on, on the High Frequency set, the needles of the Instrument danced for a moment and then pointed the way.

"I hope this thing works in the air as well as it does on the ground," prayed Slip. The slightest movement of the controls seemed to throw the needles off center. After five minutes of jockeying, Slip got them together, right on center. The outer marker beacon flashed its signal and Slip knew they were about 20 miles from the field. "Wheels down," he ordered. The descent was slow but they were soon at 1000 ft. The second marker flashed its signal and Slip called for the Flaps.

"Keep your eyes peeled for the runway, Babyface. As soon as you see it, take over and land."

"Roger!"

For both men it was a tense situation for neither had ever put this new system to practical use. Confidence is not born but is derived from experience! A few minutes later the steady light signal flashed on the Instrument Panel and Slip knew they were nearly over the runway—

"I got it," shouted Babyface. Slip instantly dropped his hands from the controls. Before he could look up from the Instrument Panel he felt the ship hit solid ground as it settled gently on the runway.

"Nice going Babyface. I was beginning to wonder whether or not we'd ever make it."

"That system is right on the beam."

As the plane taxied to a halt in front of the tower, Slip noticed a long black sedan pulling up beside. He cut the engines and sidled back to the Passenger Deck. As he opened the door he noticed the bespectacled man with coat collar upturned waiting to leave. As the men stepped into the black sedan the jumbled thoughts in Slip's mind took form.

"Well I'll be—. That's who he is. I knew I'd seen him somewhere . . ."

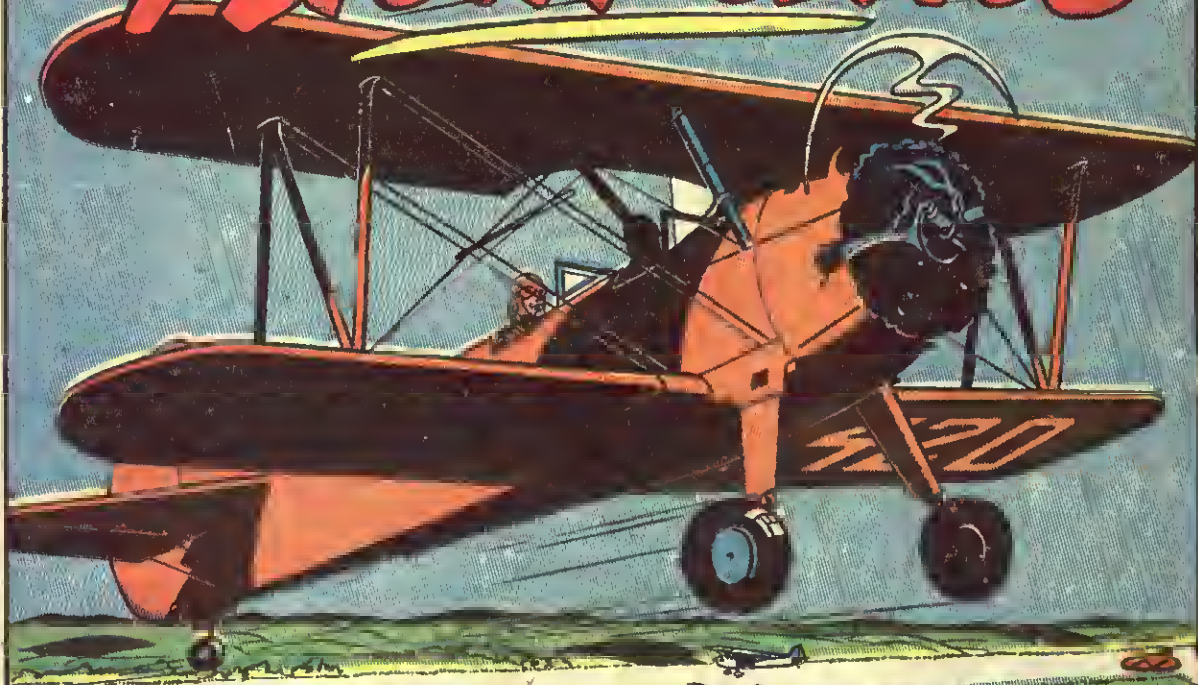
"What are you mumbling about?" interrupted Babyface. "Do you know who that guy was?"

"No, no," laughed Slip. "He just reminded me of some musician I'd seen in some honkytonk. That's all."

"What! We come through this stuff just to deliver a musician to Washington."

"Don't let it worry you, Junior. C'mon let's go get some sack-time."

CONTACT'S FLIGHT CLASS



THIS IS THE SECOND IN A SERIES OF LESSONS PRESENTED IN **CONTACT** TO HELP YOU UNDERSTAND THE BASIC FLIGHT PRINCIPALS! STUDY THESE PAGES VERY CAREFULLY AND YOU WILL FIND ITS VALUE IN ACTUAL PRACTICE...

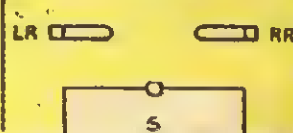
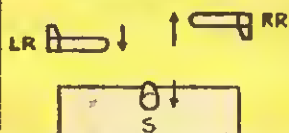
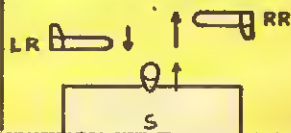
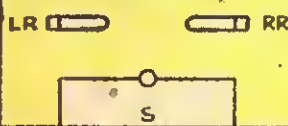
THE TAKE-OFF

EASE THE THROTTLE ALL THE WAY FORWARD CONTROLS IN NEUTRAL!

HOLD RIGHT RUDDER TO ALLAY ENGINE TORQUE! AFTER A RUN OF ABOUT 100 FEET, PUSH THE STICK FORWARD AND LIFT THE TAIL...

AS WE GAIN SPEED, APPLY BACK PRESSURE ON THE STICK, AND WE ARE IN THE AIR!!

LEVEL OFF AND PICK UP MORE SPEED AND THEN NEUTRALIZE RUDDER!!



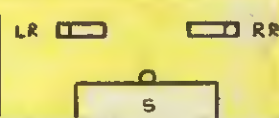
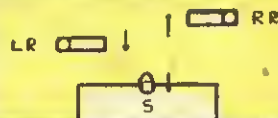
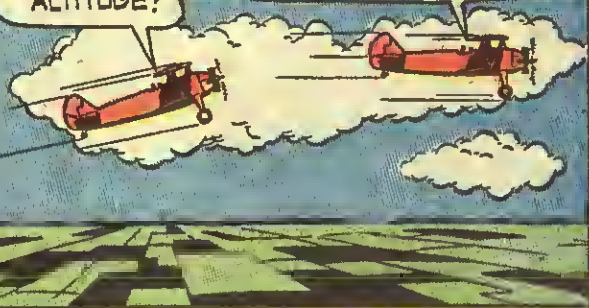
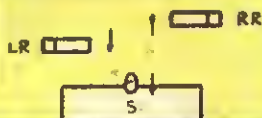
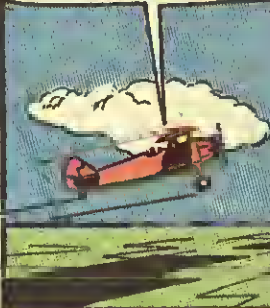
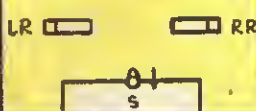
LOOK AT THE NOSE OF THE SHIP AS WE GO INTO A GENTLE CLIMB!

THE CLIMB

BRING THE THROTTLE SLIGHTLY BACK AND APPLY RIGHT RUDDER AGAIN!

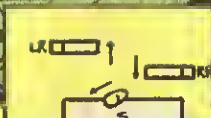
WE CONTINUE TO CLIMB IN THIS POSITION UNTIL WE REACH OUR ALTITUDE!

THEN WE LEVEL OFF EASING BACK ON THE THROTTLE AND NEUTRALIZING CONTROLS



CO-ORDINATED TURNS

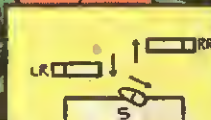
BY APPLYING LEFT RUDDER AND A SLIGHT BACK LEFT PRESSURE ON THE STICK, WE MAKE A LEFT TURN!



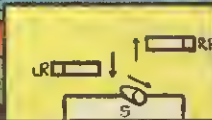
WE HOLD THIS, KEEPING THE NOSE ON THE HORIZON TO MAINTAIN THE TURN!



WE DO THE SAME THING IN A RIGHT HAND TURN....



...USING STEADY EVEN PRESSURE AS BEFORE!



PRACTICE TURNS

CO-ORDINATED TURN

PULL-OUT

IMPERFECT TURN



PILOT FEELS HEAVIER



TURN AND PULL-OUT FEEL THE SAME

PILOT FEELS HE IS BEING FORCED SIDEWAYS IN HIS SEAT



THE ABOVE ARE THE REACTIONS TO THE CO-ORDINATED AND UNCO-ORDINATED TURNS.

STALLS....WHEN THE SPEED IS DECREASED TO A POINT, WHEN THE WINGS CANNOT SUSTAIN THE WEIGHT OF THE PLANE...IT STALLS!!

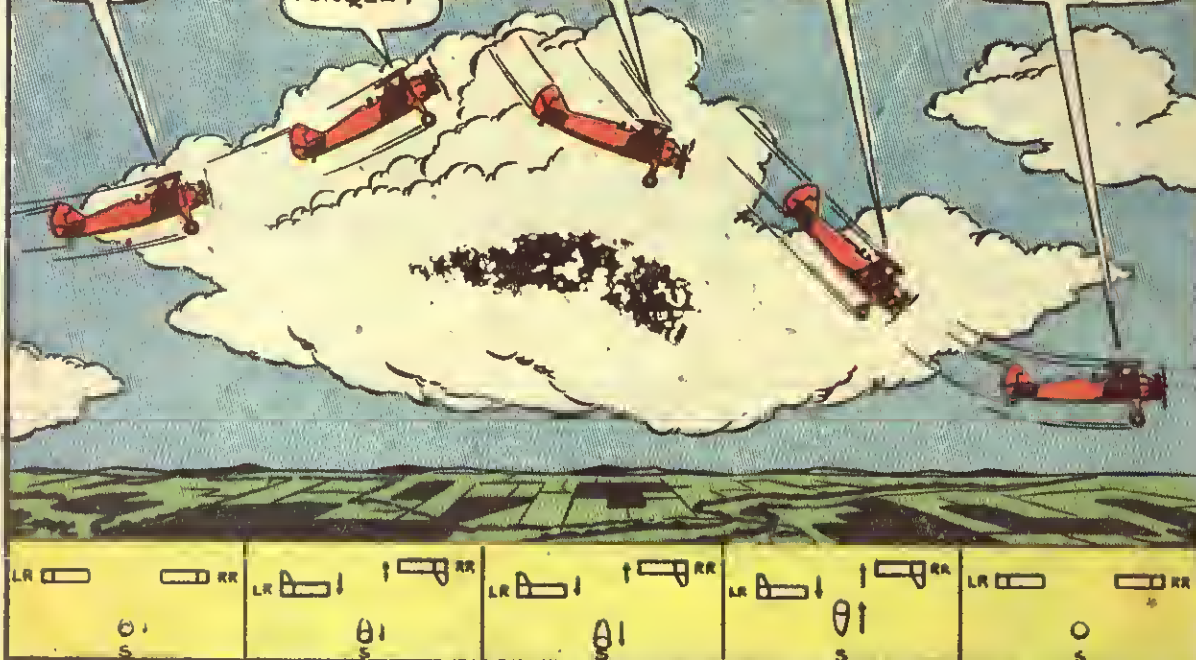
WE THROTTLE BACK AND APPLY STICK BACK!

WE ARE APPROACHING THE STALL POSITION AND APPLY RIGHT RUDDER TO ALLAY TORQUE!

PULL BACK STICK AS THE SHIP FALLS!

RECOVER MEANS FULL FORWARD STICK TO GET THE NOSE DOWN!

WHEN WE PICK UP SPEED WE LEVEL OFF AND NEUTRALIZE THE CONTROLS!



SPINS....IF YOU ARE ABLE TO RECOVER FROM STALLS, YOU WILL RARELY FIND YOURSELF IN A SPIN....IF YOU DO FIND YOURSELF IN THAT POSITION, IT'S RECOVERY IS AS FOLLOWS....

WE APPROACH THE SPIN AS WE DO THE STALL!

AS WE STALL, WE APPLY FULL RUDDER IN THE DIRECTION WE WISH TO SPIN, AND FULL BACK STICK!

NOW WE ARE IN THE SPIN, HOLDING FULL POSITIONS ON THE STICK AND RUDDER!

FIRST WE APPLY FULL OPPOSITE RUDDER TO STOP THE SPIN....

THEN WE EASE BACK ON THE STICK....

THEN WE POP THE STICK FORWARD TO REGAIN SPEED....

AND LEVEL OFF!!

SPINS AND STALLS ARE VERY CLOSELY RELATED...IN FACT, ALMOST EVERY STALL, UNLESS PROMPTLY CORRECTED, WILL END IN A SPIN... PRACTICE WILL SHOW HOW SIMPLE IT IS TO RECOVER....

FIG. # 1

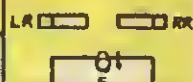


FIG. # 2

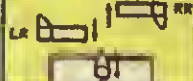


FIG. # 3



FIG. # 4

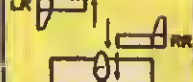


FIG. # 5



FIG. # 6



FIG. # 7

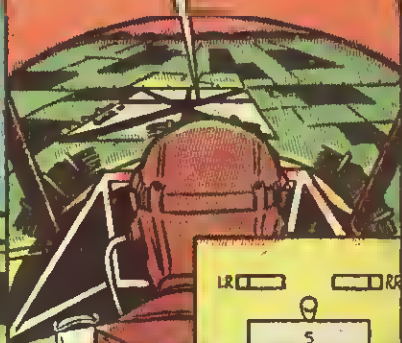
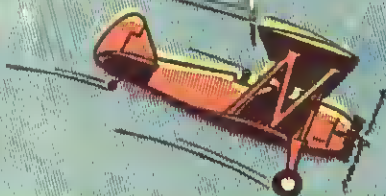


GLIDING: THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT, FOR YOUR LANDING TECHNIQUE IS BASED ON YOUR ABILITY TO GLIDE...

TO SET OUR GLIDE, WE EASE THE THROTTLE ALL THE WAY BACK!

AS WE BEGIN TO LOSE SPEED, WE EASE THE STICK SLIGHTLY FORWARD OF CENTER!

WE REGAIN OUR SPEED AND MAINTAIN A GLIDE!



LR ☐ ☐ RR

S

LR ☐ ☐ RR

S

LR ☐ ☐ RR

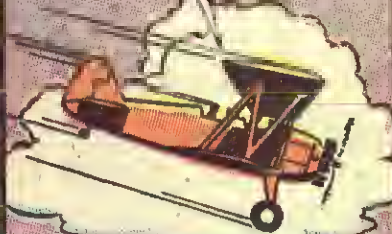
S

NEVER WASTE A MOMENT IN THE AIR.... ON THE WAY BACK TO THE FIELD WE WILL PRACTICE GLIDING TURNS!

GLIDING TURNS ARE EASY BUT IMPORTANT!

USING THE SAME PRINCIPLE IN THE TURN AS WE DID BEFORE...

...WE KEEP THE NOSE DOWN AND MAINTAIN THE GLIDE!



LR ☐ ☐ RR

S

LR ☐ ☐ RR

S

LR ☐ ☐ RR

S

EASE THE THROTTLE BACK!

BREAK THE GLIDE WITH BACK PRESSURE ON THE STICK!

ABOUT FIVE FEET OFF THE GROUND ADD MORE BACK PRESSURE!

KEEP COMING BACK ON THE STICK AND SHE STARTS TO SETTLE AND STALL!

THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL A 3 POINT LANDING!



LR ☐ ☐ RR

LR ☐ ☐ RR

LR ☐ ☐ RR

LR ☐ ☐ RR

LR ☐ ☐ RR

S

S

S

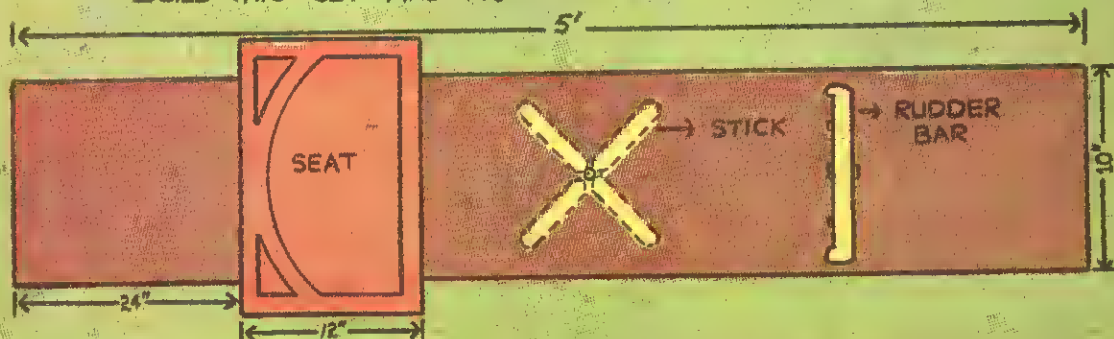
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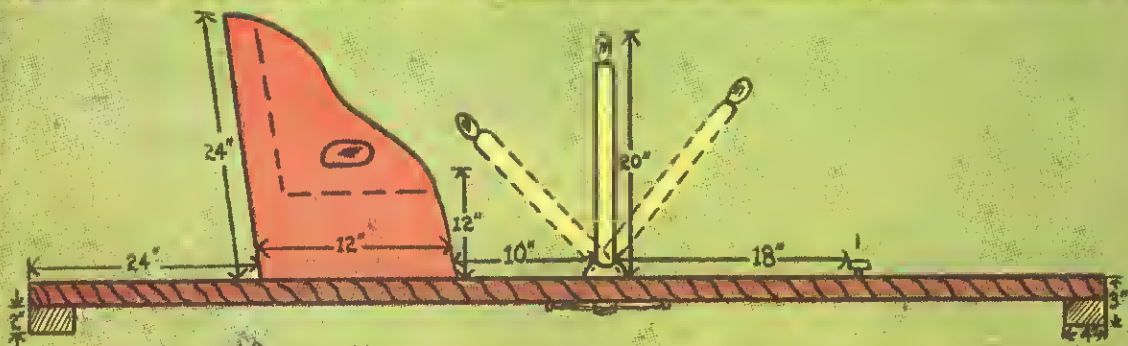
EACH MANEUVER MUST BE PRACTICED UNTIL YOU MASTER IT! READING THEM IS NOT SUFFICIENT...SO GO TO IT AND TAKE REAL FLYING LESSONS! IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CONTACT, WE WILL PRESENT MORE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE MORE DIFFICULT MANEUVERS!

HOW TO BUILD A PRACTICE SET OF CONTROLS

BUILD THIS SET AND PRACTICE FLYING AT HOME.



TAKE A BOARD APPROXIMATELY 6 FT. LONG, 10 IN. WIDE. RAISE IT FROM THE GROUND BY ATTACHING A SHORT PIECE OF 2x4 TO EACH END. ATTACH A SEAT NEAR ONE END OF IT. GET A PIECE OF WOOD $\frac{3}{4}$ IN. THICK 2 IN. WIDE AND 15 IN. LONG. SHAPE IT AT THE ENDS TO MAKE A REST FOR YOUR TOES. DRILL A HOLE IN THE CENTER AND BOLT IT TO YOUR BASE BOARD. IF YOU ATTACH A LIGHT SPRING TO EACH END OF IT, THE SENSATION WILL RESEMBLE THE ACTION OF AN AIRPLANE....



ANY ROUND STICK APPROXIMATELY 2 FT. LONG WILL SERVE AS A STICK. MOUNT THIS TO YOUR BASEBOARD ABOUT 10 IN. IN FRONT OF YOUR SEAT IN A UNIVERSAL JOINT AS IN THE ABOVE DIAGRAM. ATTACH 4 LIGHT SPRINGS OR HEAVY RUBBER BANDS TO THE STICK SO THAT THEY HOLD IT IN AN UPRIGHT POSITION, THE PRESSURE THEY EXERT WILL BE SIMILAR TO THE AIR PRESSURE ON THE CONTROLS WHILE FLYING. WITH THIS SIMPLE EQUIPMENT, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO GO THROUGH ALL THE MOVEMENTS OF THE CONTROLS AS OUTLINED IN OUR LESSONS.

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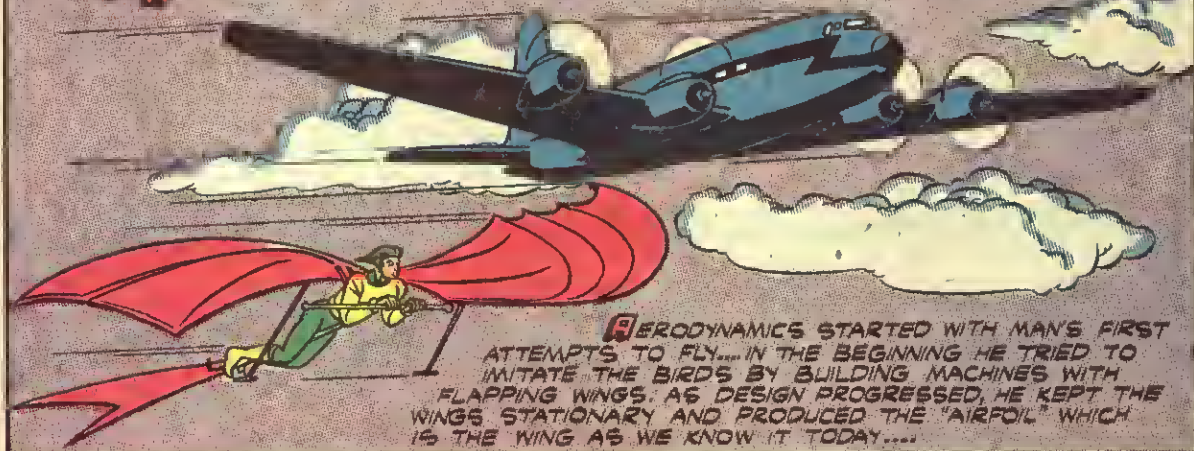
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The Theory OF FLIGHT

A SIMPLE LESSON IN AERODYNAMICS...THE REASONS FOR FLIGHT.



AERODYNAMICS STARTED WITH MAN'S FIRST ATTEMPTS TO FLY...IN THE BEGINNING HE TRIED TO IMITATE THE BIRDS BY BUILDING MACHINES WITH FLAPPING WINGS. AS DESIGN PROGRESSED, HE KEPT THE WINGS STATIONARY AND PRODUCED THE "AIRFOIL" WHICH IS THE WING AS WE KNOW IT TODAY....

MANY PEOPLE THINK THERE IS A MYSTERY ABOUT HOW AND WHY AN AIRPLANE FLIES?? SO READ THE FOLLOWING PAGES AND LEARN THE SIMPLE ANSWERS...



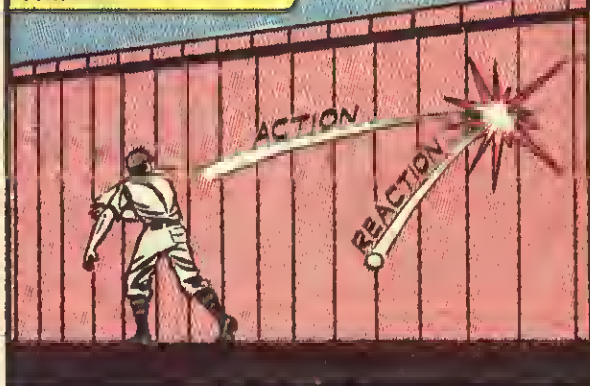
THE OCEAN OF AIR WHICH SURROUNDS THE EARTH FOR 100 MILES OR MORE IS THE AREA WHERE AN AIRPLANE OPERATES. IT HAS MASS AND WEIGHT AND LIKE ALL OTHER OBJECTS IS ATTRACTED TO EARTH BY GRAVITY....

THOUGH WE ARE NOT CONSCIOUS OF IT, THE ATMOSPHERE EXERTS A TERRIFIC PRESSURE ON OUR BODIES....

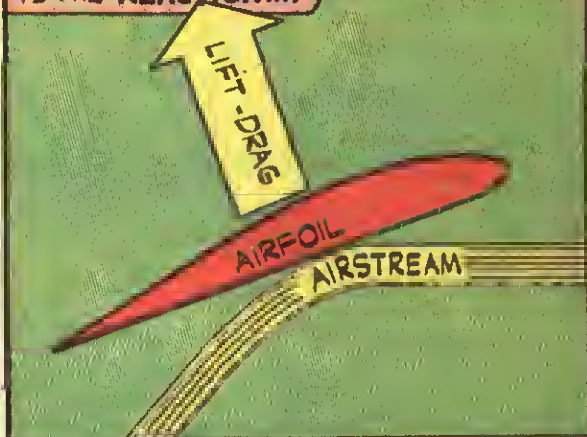


IF THERE WASN'T ANY PRESSURE IN OUR BODIES, THIS WOULD HAPPEN....

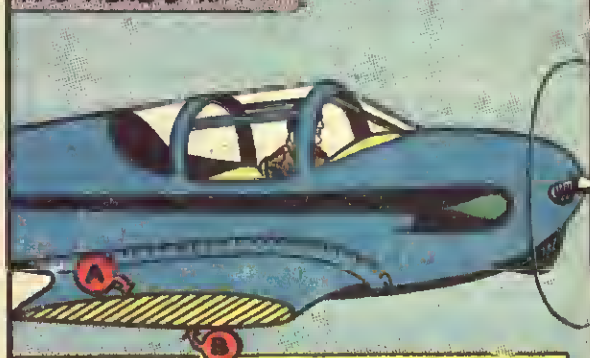
SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S THIRD LAW STATES THAT "FOR EVERY ACTION, THERE MUST BE AN EQUAL AND OPPOSITE REACTION." THE AIRPLANE FLIES ACCORDING TO THIS PROVEN LAW OF MOTION. TO PROVE THIS TO YOURSELF, THROW A RUBBER BALL AGAINST A WALL...



SO, WHEN AIR, WHICH HAS MASS AND WEIGHT, STRIKES THE WING, IT IS DEFLECTED DOWN (THAT IS THE ACTION) AND THE WING GOES UP AND BACK. (THAT IS THE REACTION....)

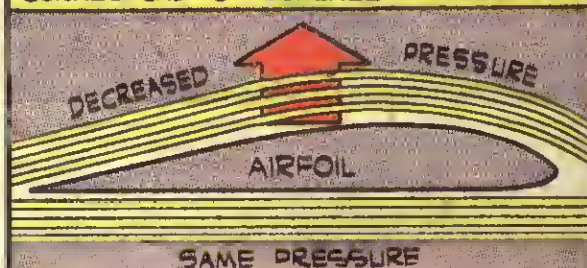


WE KNOW THAT AIR IS A MASS, SO IT MUST HIT BOTH SIDES OF THE WING OR AIRFOIL... THAT IS TRUE, BUT WE STILL HAVE LIFT AND HERE'S WHY...



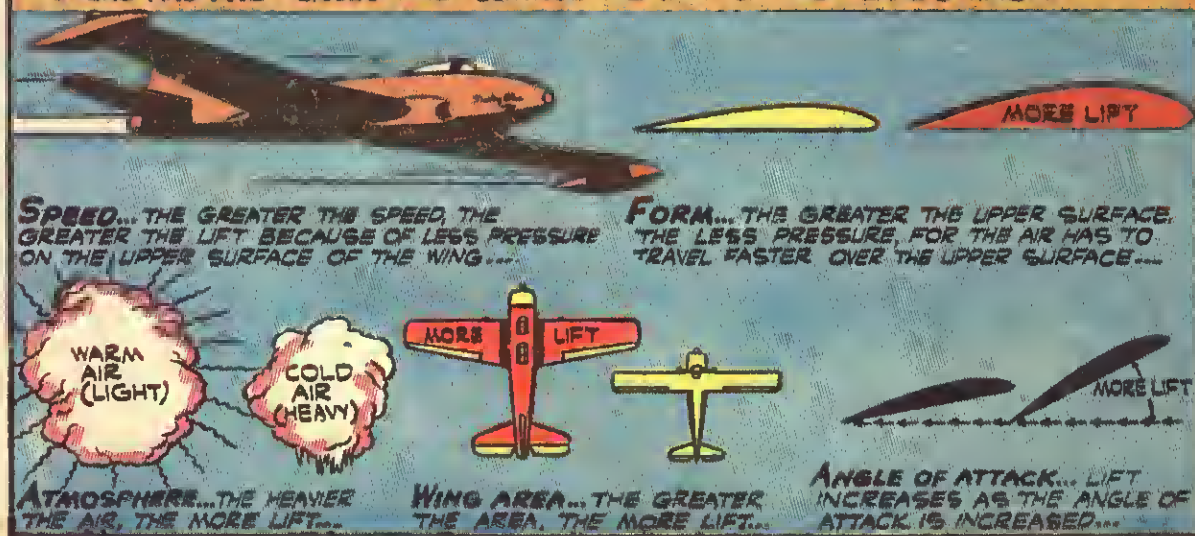
THE WING OF AN AIRPLANE HAS A CURVED UPPER SURFACE A WHICH MAKES IT LONGER THAN THE LOWER SURFACE B...

BERNOULLI'S THEOREM STATES THAT "AN INCREASE IN AIR SPEED RESULTS IN A CORRESPONDING DECREASE IN PRESSURE."



SINCE THE AIR TRAVELS IN A MASS OR BODY, THAT AIR GOING OVER THE TOP OF THE WING MUST TRAVEL FASTER TO MEET THE AIR ON THE BOTTOM. THIS RESULTS IN A DECREASE IN PRESSURE ON THE UPPER SURFACE OF THE WING, CAUSING LIFT.

THERE ARE FIVE FORCES WHICH CONTROL THE LIFT ON THE PLANE'S WING....

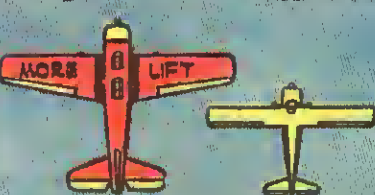


SPEED... THE GREATER THE SPEED, THE GREATER THE LIFT BECAUSE OF LESS PRESSURE ON THE UPPER SURFACE OF THE WING...

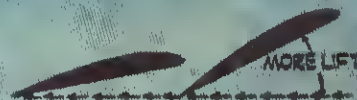
FORM... THE GREATER THE UPPER SURFACE, THE LESS PRESSURE, FOR THE AIR HAS TO TRAVEL FASTER OVER THE UPPER SURFACE...



ATMOSPHERE... THE HEAVIER THE AIR, THE MORE LIFT...



WING AREA... THE GREATER THE AREA, THE MORE LIFT...



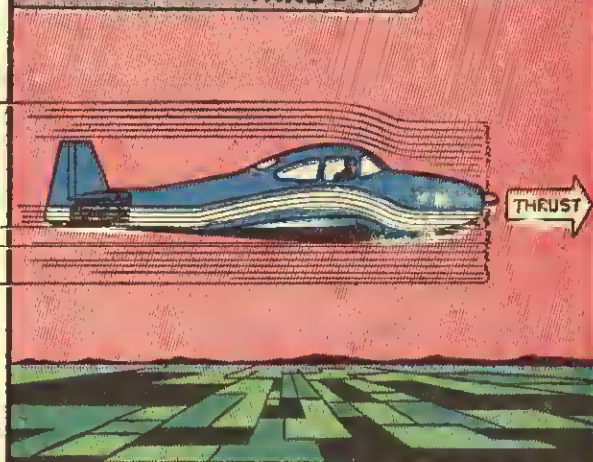
ANGLE OF ATTACK... LIFT INCREASES AS THE ANGLE OF ATTACK IS INCREASED...

WE KNOW NOW WHY THE AIRPLANE STAYS UP IN THE AIR, NOW LET'S SEE WHAT MAKES IT GO FORWARD...



A SWIMMER PULLS THE WATER BACK TO MAKE HIS BODY GO FORWARD...

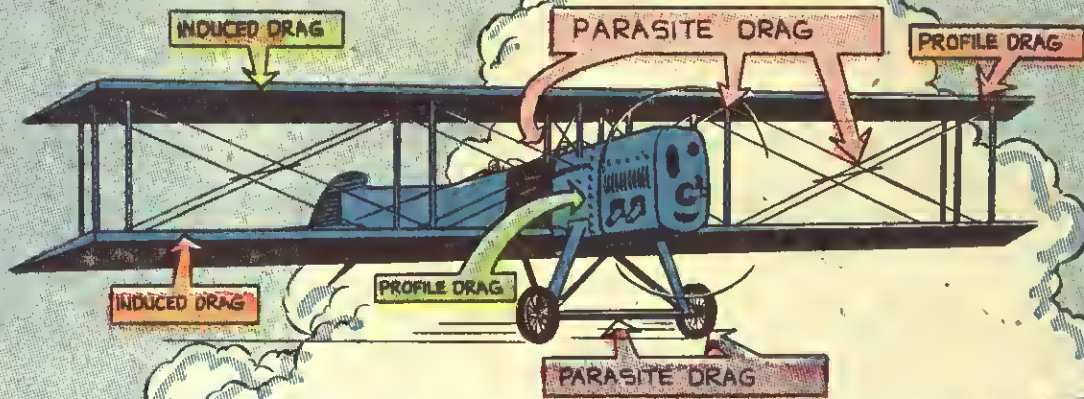
THE SAME PRINCIPLE APPLIES IN AN AIRPLANE... BUT IN THE AIR, THE PROPELLER IS SUBSTITUTED FOR THE SWIMMER'S ARMS... THIS IS CALLED THRUST...



NOW ANOTHER FORCE WHICH ACTS ON AN AIRPLANE IS CALLED DRAG.... THAT IS THE RESISTANCE ACTING ON A BODY PASSING THROUGH THE AIR....

INDUCED DRAG IS THE LOST ENERGY AS THE WINGS TRY TO PASS THROUGH THE AIR.

PROFILE DRAG IS CAUSED BY THE RIVETS AND THE ROUGHNESS ON THE WINGS....

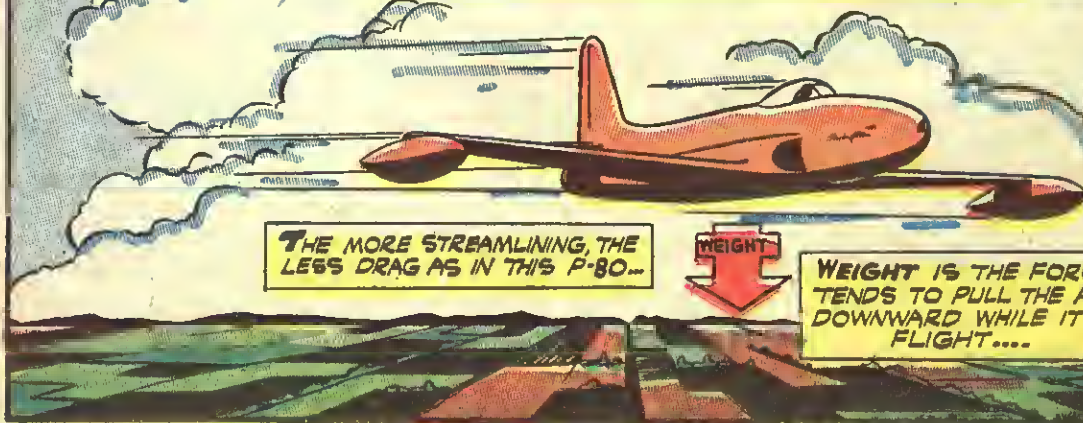


PARASITE DRAG IS CAUSED BY THE FUSELAGE, STRUTS, WIRES AND OTHER PARTS OF THE AIRPLANE WHICH DO NOT CONTRIBUTE TO THE LIFT.

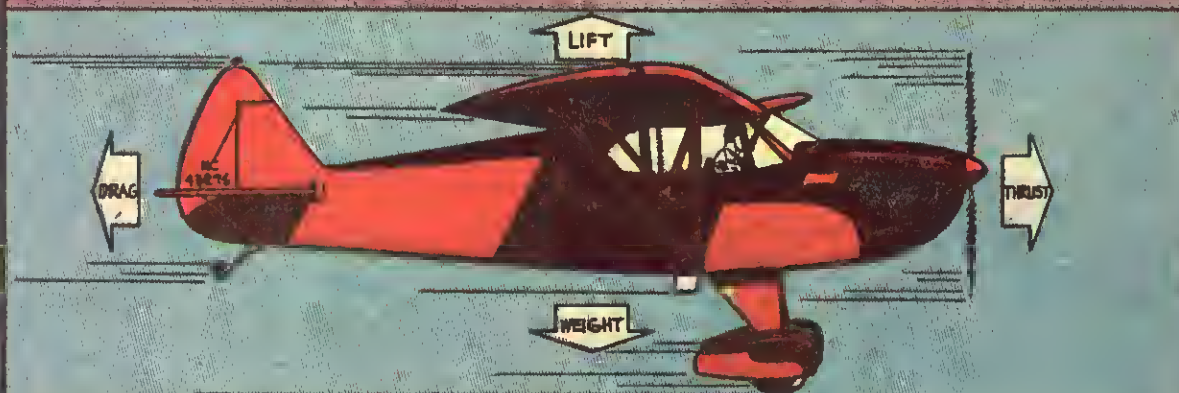
THE MORE STREAMLINING, THE LESS DRAG AS IN THIS P-80...



WEIGHT IS THE FORCE WHICH TENDS TO PULL THE AIRCRAFT DOWNWARD WHILE IT IS IN FLIGHT....

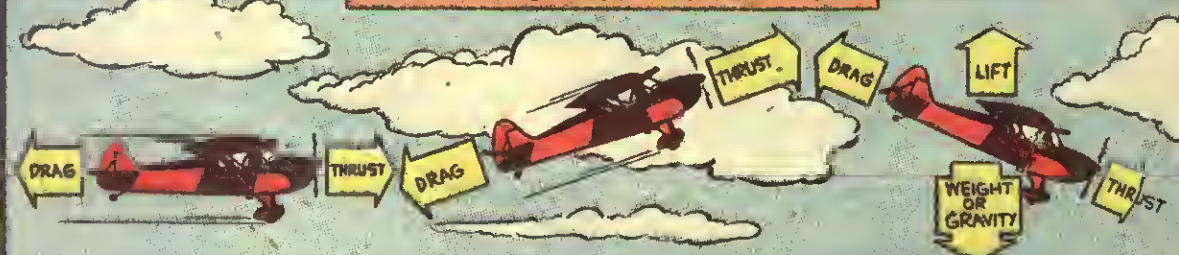


NOW WE KNOW ALL THE FORCES THAT ACT ON THE AIRPLANE. LET'S PUT THEM TOGETHER...



THE THRUST OR THE ACTION OF THE PROPELLER WHICH PULLS THE AIRPLANE FORWARD.... THE LIFT WHICH ALWAYS ACTS AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE RELATIVE WIND.... THE DRAG PULLING BACKWARDS... THE WEIGHT OR GRAVITY WHICH TENDS TO PULL THE AIRCRAFT TOWARDS THE CENTER OF THE EARTH.

THE PILOT CONTROLS THESE FORCES.

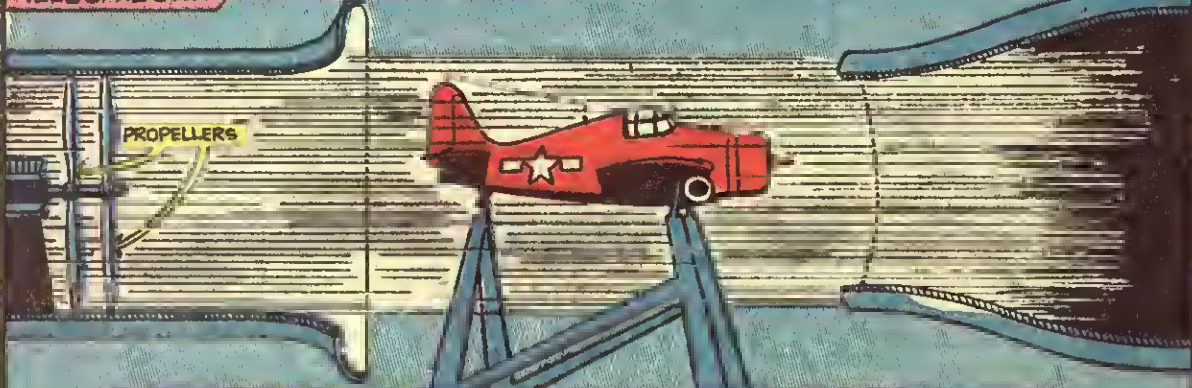


IN STEADY, LEVEL FLIGHT, THE THRUST IS ALWAYS EQUAL TO THE DRAG OF AIRPLANE...

IN A CLIMB, HOWEVER, THE PILOT INCREASES POWER OR THRUST BY USE OF THROTTLE FOR THE THRUST MUST BE GREATER THAN THE DRAG...

IN A GLIDE, THE PILOT DECREASES POWER BY THE THROTTLE WHICH DECREASES LIFT AND INCREASES GRAVITY WHICH MAKES THE PLANE GO DOWN....

THE WIND TUNNEL AT LANGLEY FIELD EMPLOYS TWO 4,000 H.P. ELECTRIC MOTORS TO DRIVE 35 1/2 FOOT PROPELLERS TO PRODUCE WINDS OF TREMENDOUS VELOCITIES....



THERE... THE SECRETS OF FLIGHT ARE DISCOVERED WITHOUT THE PLANE EVER LEAVING THE GROUND.... NOW YOU KNOW THE SIMPLE BASIC RULES OF FLIGHT, WHICH MAKES AN AIRPLANE FLY....

The AIR KIDS *IN* Jet Carrier PIGEON



GEE... A JET
PROPELLED MODEL!
WE'VE COME A
LONG WAY FROM
RUBBER BANDS...

IT DOES NOT SEEM
BEYOND THE REALM OF
POSSIBILITY THAT IT
SHOULD WORK LET
US TRY IT NOW AND
ADJUCIATE LATER...

THE AIR KIDS WERE A LITTLE
BIT OF A NUISANCE, THAT WAS
TRUE.... THEY HAD A HABIT OF
GETTING UNDERFOOT THAT WOULD
GET ON A MAN'S NERVES FROM
TIME TO TIME... BUT THERE
CAME A TIME WHEN THE MAN
WAS GLAD THEY WERE AROUND...!!



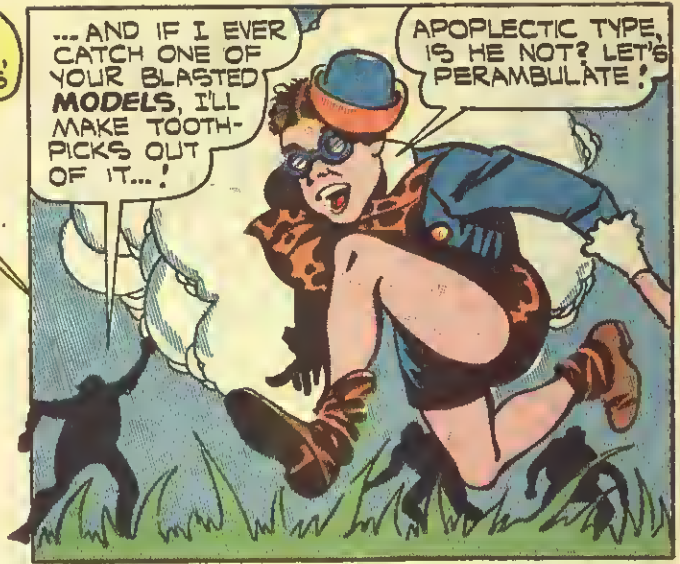
THOSE KIDS!
BACK ON MY
AIRFIELD AGAIN!

OH...OH...GUY...
DON'T LOOK NOW,
BUT HERE COMES
THAT WASSON
CHARACTER
AGAIN...!

I WON'T
HAVE IT...!!
THIS IS NO
NURSERY!

...AND IF I EVER
CATCH ONE OF
YOUR BLASTED
MODELS, I'LL
MAKE TOOTH-
PICKS OUT OF
IT...!

APOPLECTIC TYPE,
IS HE NOT? LET'S
PERAMBULATE!

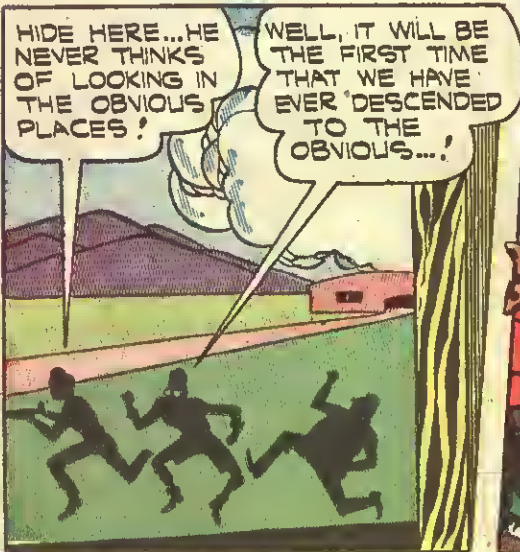


HIDE HERE...HE
NEVER THINKS
OF LOOKING IN
THE OBVIOUS
PLACES!

WELL, IT WILL BE
THE FIRST TIME
THAT WE HAVE
EVER DESCENDED
TO THE
OBVIOUS...!

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK
THAT WASSON REALLY
DOESN'T LIKE US...

WHAT ARE
YOU KIDS
UP TO
NOW?



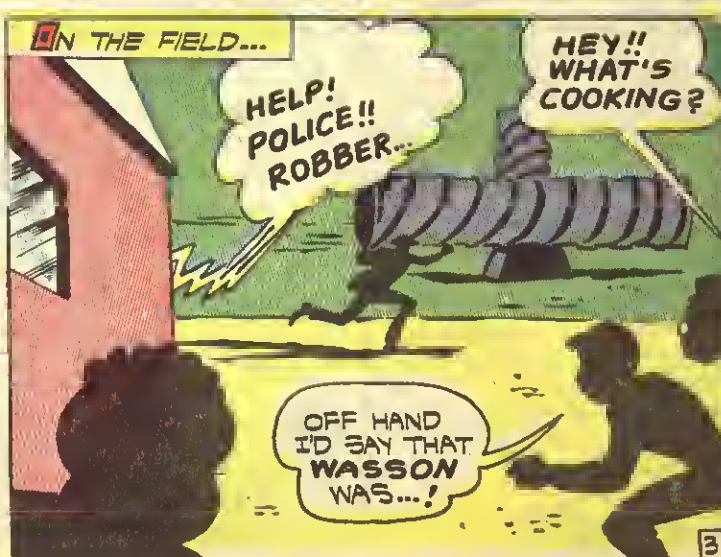
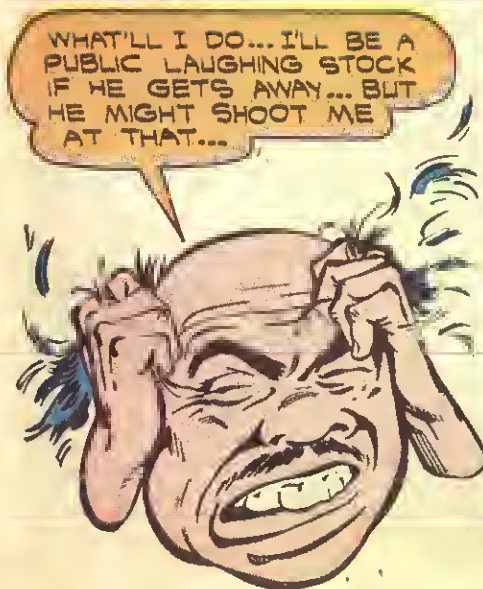
HI, GREGORY...
HE'S CHASED
US AGAIN...
JUST WHEN
WE WANTED
TO WIND
TUNNEL OUR
JET PLANE!

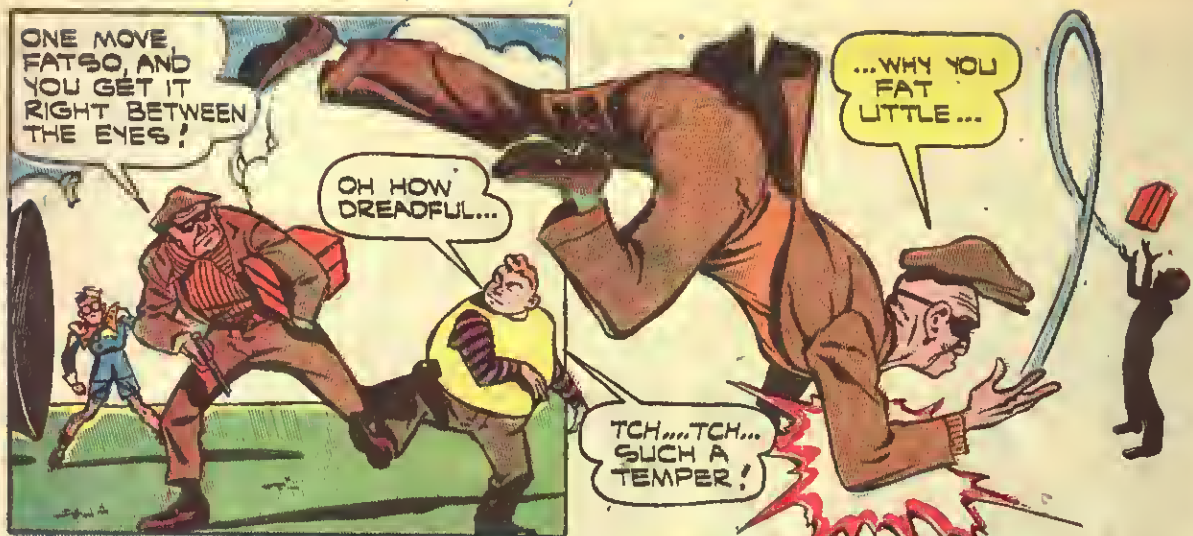
MR. WASSON HAS
TO GO BACK TO
THE OFFICE...
MAYBE WE CAN
SLIP YOUR MODEL
IN WHEN HE'S THERE!

GEE... GREG... THANKS
A LOT! WE HATE TO
CHANGE A CRACK
UP WITH AN
UNTESTED
MODEL!

I SHOULD SAY SO!
AFTER ALL OUR
CONSCIENTIOUS
ENDEAVORS TO
MAKE THIS A
SUPERLATIVE
MODEL!







AS SOON AS I
GRAB THIS BOX
...ITS GOING TO
BE CURTAINS
FOR YOU BRATS!

OH, PLEASE
DON'T DO THAT
...I'M TOO
YOUNG TO
DIE....



YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT ME DOWN
LIKE A RAT, WOULD YOU...?

I'D SHOOT YOU
QUICKER THAN
A RAT...



NOW SHUT UP...
OR ELSE I
WON'T WAIT...

YES, SIR...
IMMEDIATELY,
SIR...



THERE IS A SUDDEN SWOOOOOOSH....

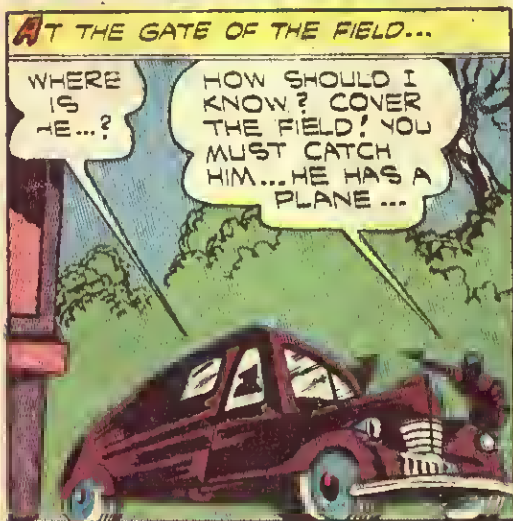
WHAT'S
THAT...?



AT THE GATE OF THE FIELD...

WHERE
IS
HE...?

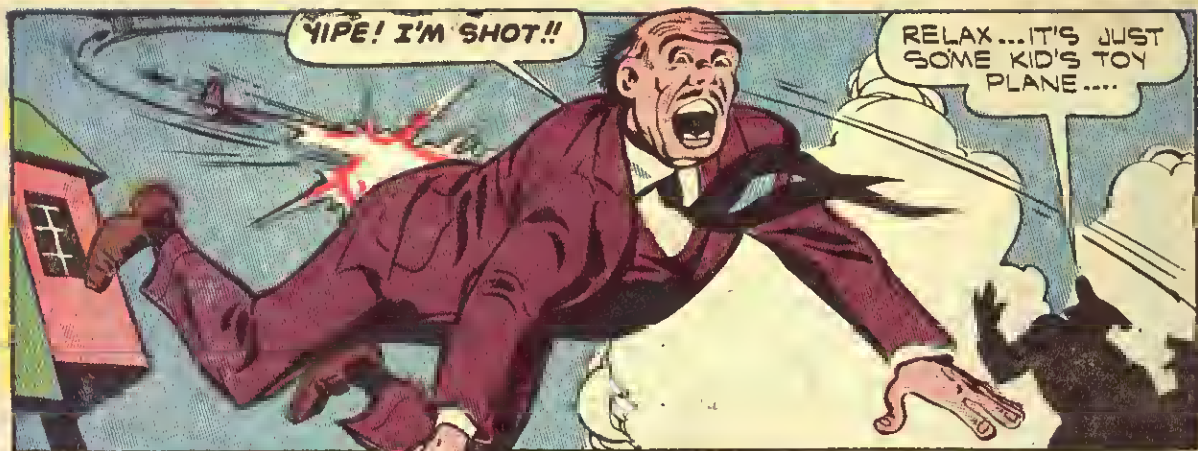
HOW SHOULD I
KNOW? COVER
THE FIELD! YOU
MUST CATCH
HIM... HE HAS A
PLANE...



IT'D HELP IF WE
KNEW WHERE TO
START! THIS IS
A BIG FIELD!

I TELL YOU, I DON'T
KNOW! GET A
'MOVE ON, WILL
YOU...?





YIPE! I'M SHOT!!

RELAX...IT'S JUST SOME KID'S TOY PLANE....



THOSE KIDS! I'LL SMASH THAT TO SPLINTERS!

HOLD IT.... WHAT'S THAT ON THE WINGS?



IT SAYS... "HELP ... AT THE WIND TUNNEL!! WE HAVE HIM...!!" SEEMS TO ME YOU OUGHTA BE GRATEFUL TO THE KIDS! C'MON!

WELL... I'LL BE....

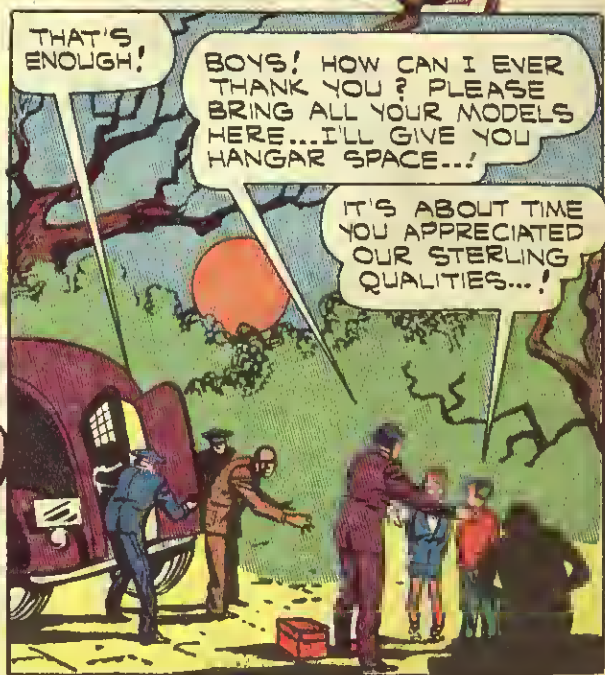
MEANWHILE...

GOT IT...NOW YOU MEDDLING BRATS, I'M GOING TO....

GULP! I GUESS HE MEANS IT...!



RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES LIKE I PROMISED! WHO'S POKING ME IN THE BACK....



THAT'S ENOUGH!

BOYS! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU? PLEASE BRING ALL YOUR MODELS HERE...I'LL GIVE YOU HANGAR SPACE...!

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU APPRECIATED OUR STERLING QUALITIES...!

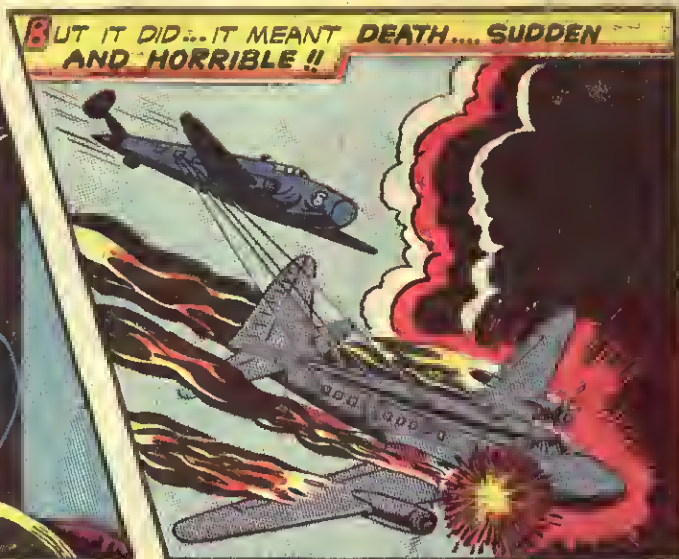
SKY RANGERS

"SZGY3"



AIR PIRATES, MURDER IN THE SKY, LOOT TO THE VALUE OF A MILLION DOLLARS IN UNCUT GEMS, AND THE PUZZLE OF THE WORD, IF THAT WAS A WORD... SZGY3... BE SOLVED WHEN THE SKY RANGERS WENT TO WORK ON THE CASE...

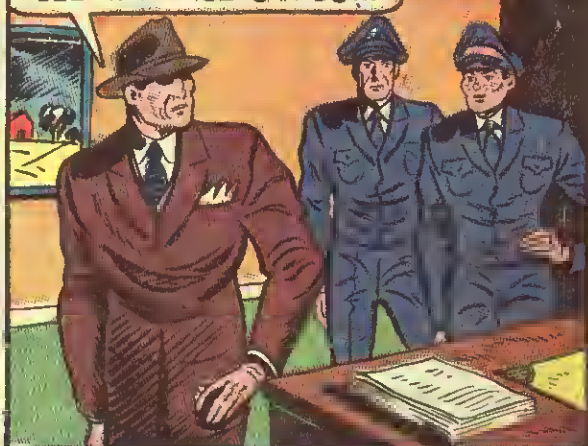
G.H. Appel



THE INSURANCE COMPANY PAID OFF, BUT AS A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON THE CASE AND....



...IT HAS ME BAFFLED! HERE ARE ALL MY NOTES! I'M DEPENDING ON YOU TWO, SKILLEN AND MAC COY... SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO...



WELL, DANNY, BOY?

IT'S A OILLY ALL RIGHT! ACCORDING TO THESE PAPERS, THE GANG NEVER UNLOADED THE GEMS, THEY HID THEM TO WAIT TILL THEY COOLED OFF...

BUT WHILE THEY WAITED FOR THE GEMS TO COOL OFF, THEY WERE KILLED... ONE AT A TIME...

...LEAVING A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF ICE! WOW! ...AND IT MAY BE RIGHT HERE ON THE MAP!

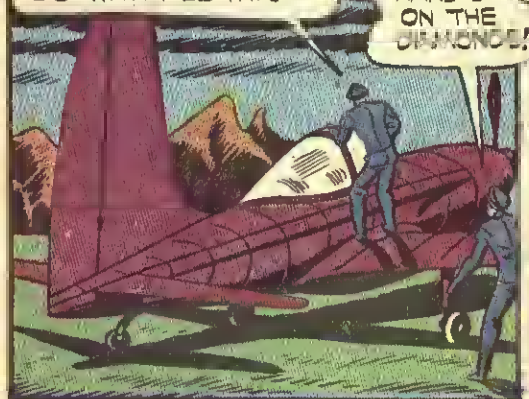


WONDER WHAT THE GAG WAS ON THAT "SZGY3"? WHY WOULD A DYING MAN SAY THAT? IT MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH ALL THIS...

I GUESS WHEN WE ANSWER THAT, WE PUT OUR HANDS ON THE GEMSTONE!

THAT LOOKS LIKE THE PLATEAU ON THE MAP ...CAN WE LAND THERE?

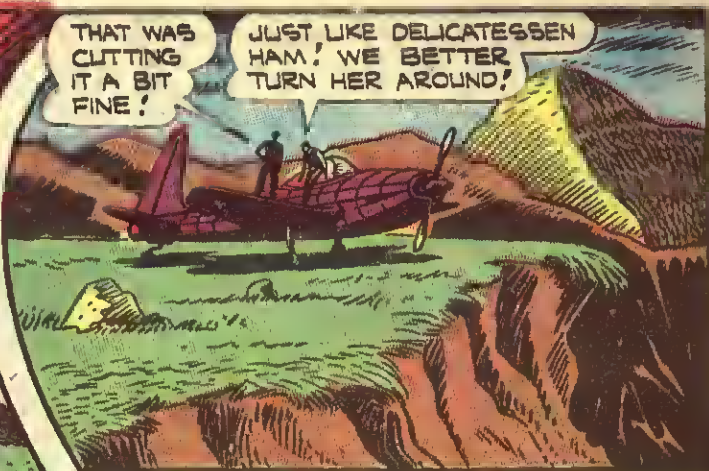
CROSS YOUR FINGERS AND WE'LL TRY...





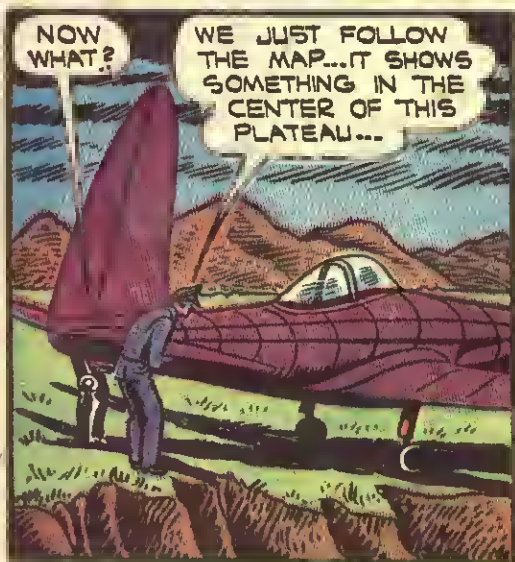
CAN I UNCROSS
MY DIGITS?

NOT UNTIL
I UNCROSS
MY EYES!



THAT WAS
CUTTING
IT A BIT
FINE!

JUST LIKE DELICATESSEN
HAM! WE BETTER
TURN HER AROUND!



NOW
WHAT?

WE JUST FOLLOW
THE MAP...IT SHOWS
SOMETHING IN THE
CENTER OF THIS
PLATEAU...



THAT'S ALL THERE IS
IN THE DIRECTIONS
...FROM HERE ON
WE'RE ON OUR
OWN...

THERE'S NO
PLACE TO
GO, BUT
DOWN...



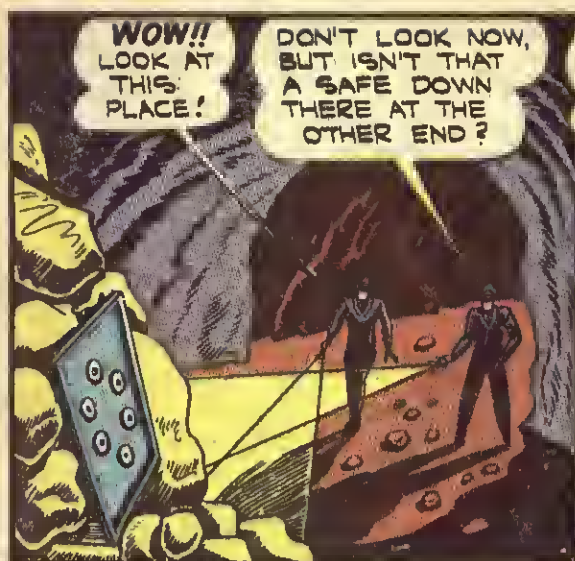
ONE ESCALATOR
GOING DOWN...
GLAD WE BROUGHT
SOME FLASHLIGHTS!

WHEW... IT
SMELLS DANK
AND MUSTY...
LET'S GO...



THIS CERTAINLY IS A
FINE PLACE TO HIDE
LOOT! NOT EVEN AN
ATOMIC BOMB WOULD
DO TOO MUCH
DAMAGE HERE...

IT FEELS CLAMMY,
AS THOUGH THE
DEAD RESTED HERE...

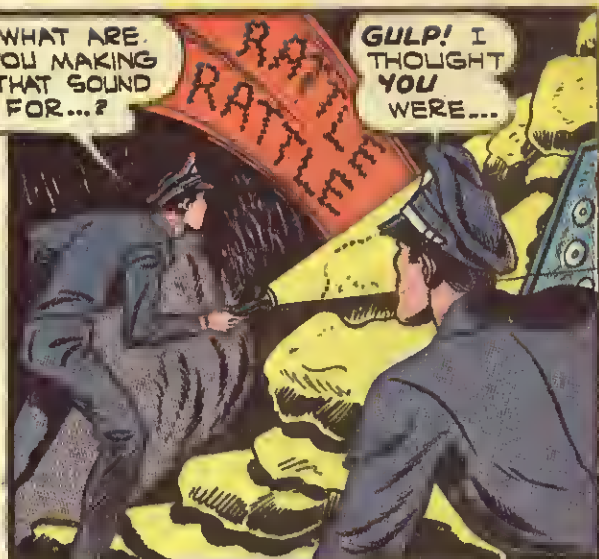


WOW!!
LOOK AT
THIS
PLACE!

DON'T LOOK NOW,
BUT ISN'T THAT
A SAFE DOWN
THERE AT THE
OTHER END?

WHAT ARE
YOU MAKING
THAT SOUND
FOR...?

GULP! I
THOUGHT
YOU
WERE....



OH..OH...
LOOK WHAT
WE GOT!

AWK... RATTLERS...
...AND LOOK...
THEY'VE BEEN
AT WORK...



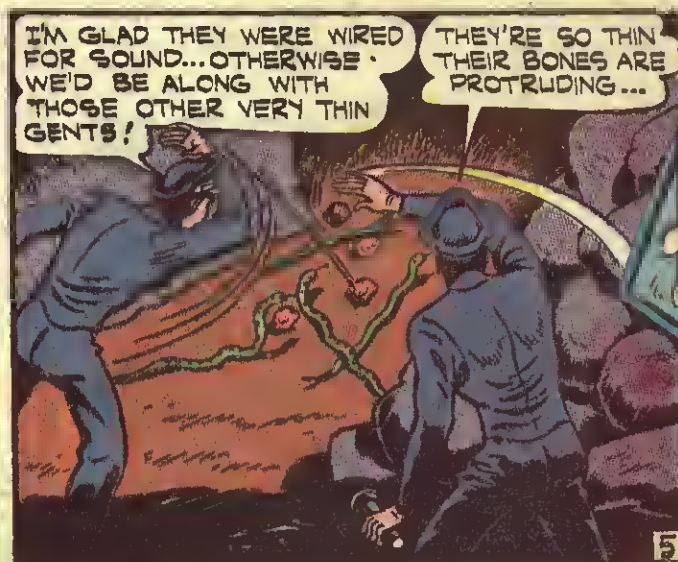
THE GUARDIANS
SEEM A LITTLE
UPSET...

SHALL WE
APOLOGIZE FOR
ANNOYING THEM
AND LEAVE
...QUIETLY?



LET'S ANNOY
THEM FOR A
WHILE INSTEAD!

SOMETIMES I
THINK YOU HAVE A
HOLE IN YOUR
HEAD AND THEN
OTHER TIMES I'M
SURE OF IT...



I'M GLAD THEY WERE WIRED
FOR SOUND...OTHERWISE
WE'D BE ALONG WITH
THOSE OTHER VERY THIN
GENTS!

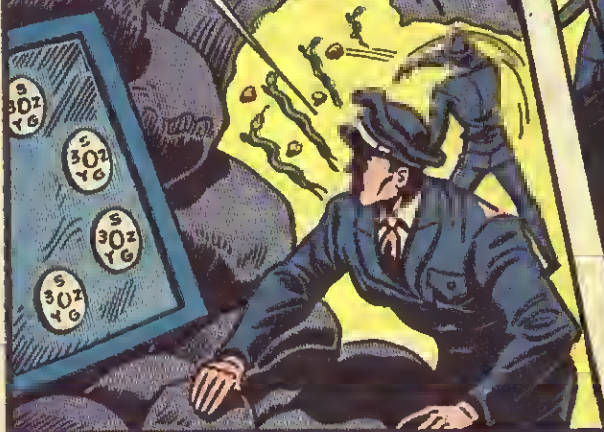
THEY'RE SO THIN
THEIR BONES ARE
PROTRUDING...

COVER ME, SKILLEN, I WANT A LOOK AT THIS SAFE!

DON'T DAWDLE, ME BOY...THESE REPTILES DON'T SEEM HAPPY!

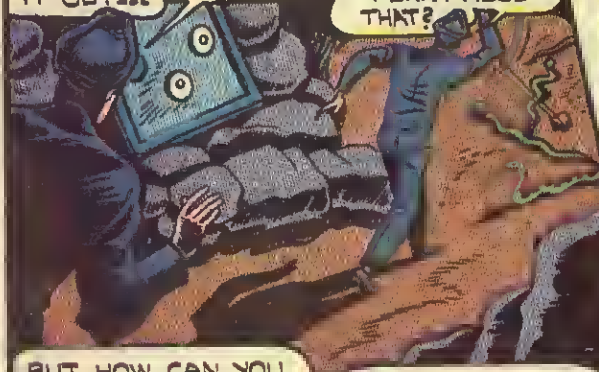
THAT'S FUNNY...

LET ME IN ON IT...I COULD USE A GOOD LAUGH...



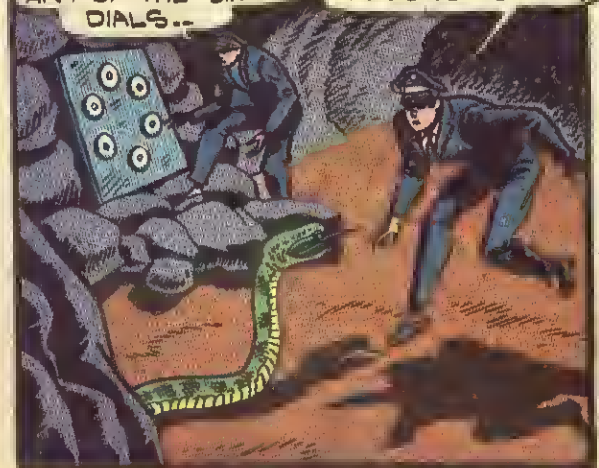
THEY'VE SET THE SAFE INTO THE SOLID STONE... YOU COULDN'T BLAST IT OUT---

HO! HO! I'M LAUGHING! WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT?



BUT HOW CAN YOU HAVE A WORD WITHOUT ANY VOWELS! THERE ISN'T AN A, E, I, O, OR U ON ANY OF THE SIX DIALS...

NASTY LITTLE ONE THAT IS...ALMOST GOT ME! WHAT ABOUT ALL THESE MISSING VOWELS?



NOT THAT...BUT THESE WORD SAFES...THE COMBINATION FOR THEM IS GENERALLY A WORD...

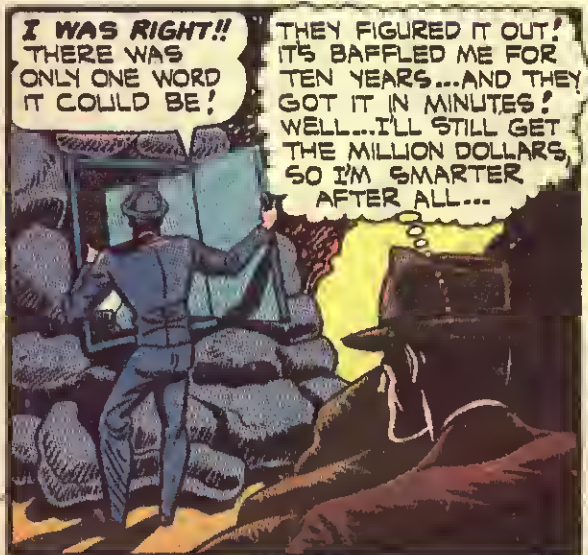
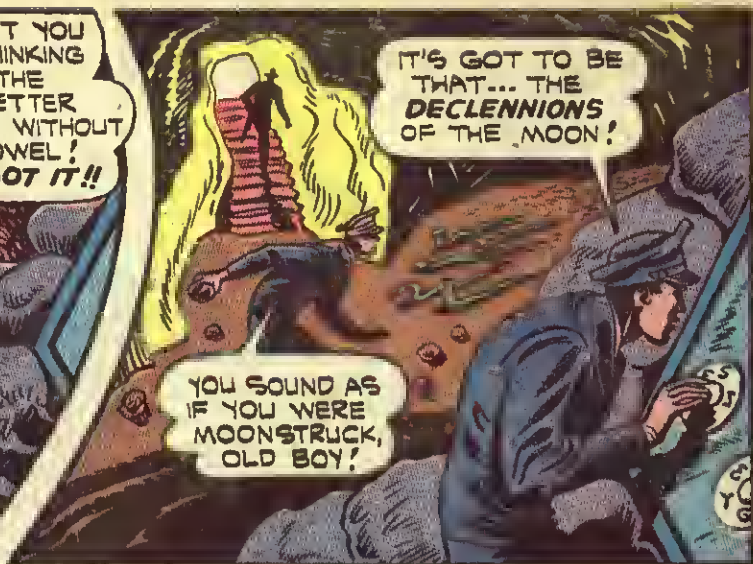
OF COURSE!



UP ABOVE, IN THE CLEAR SUNLIGHT, ANOTHER SNAKE ARRIVES... A HUMAN ONE!



THEY'VE GONE DOWN INTO THE CAVERN...I WONDER...



**IT'S A MILLION TO ONE CHANCE
WITH A MILLION DOLLAR WEAPON!**

MAC COY...
HELL KILL
YOU DEAD...

HE WILL
EITHER
WAY...

CAUGHT OFF GUARD...

I'LL CUT YOU
IN HALF FOR
THAT...

THAT'S WHAT
YOU'D CALL,
HOLDING THE
BAG!

**LOOK OUT
FOR THE
SNAKES!!**

OOOOO?

THIS IS
THE MOST
DANGEROUS
RATTLER
HERE!

**BURDEN! THE
INSURANCE
MAN!!**

SURE...HE DISCOVERED
THE WHOLE SET-UP
BUT THE SAFE BAFFLED
HIM, SO HE CALLED
ON US!

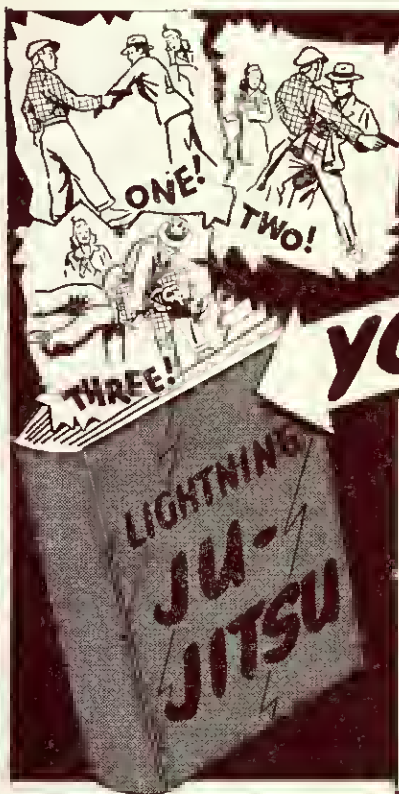
I WAS SURE HE LIED ABOUT THE
DYING MAN IN THE PLANE SAYING
"SZGY3"! THAT'S THE COMBINATION
OF THE SAFE WHEN YOU ARRANGE
THE LETTERS INTO A WORD! THE
MAN IN THE PLANE COULDN'T
HAVE KNOWN THAT!

UPSTAIRS,
BUB!

YOU'VE GOT ME, BUT AT
LEAST TELL ME WHAT
THE WORD WAS THAT
DIDN'T HAVE ANY VOWELS!

ANY NAVIGATOR
WOULD KNOW IT!
IT'S "SYZYGY"...
THAT'S WHAT
THE "SZGY3"
WAS... "Y3"
MEANT
THREE Y'S!

The End

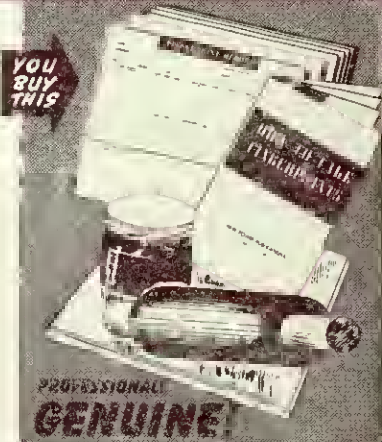


STOP BEING PUSHED AROUND BY BIGGER FELLOWS . . . Here's the BOOK that WILL MAKE A ROUGH TOUGH FIGHTING MAN OF YOU!

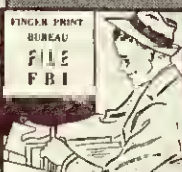
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☐ I am enclosing \$1.98 for all three, postage-paid. Same free offer and refund privilege, of course.

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YOUR POST-WAR PLACE IN AVIATION

A Civil Aviation Guide
for
Ex-Service Men
Student Pilots
High School Students
Civil Air Patrol Cadets

by
RUSS BRINKLEY

Introduction by
CAPT EDDIE RICKENBACKER
President
EASTERN AIRLINES, INC.



You Want to Get Ahead IN AVIATION?

THEN READ
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YOUR POST-WAR PLACE IN AVIATION

By RUSS BRINKLEY

Introduction by
CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER
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Answered in This Great Book

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- Which phases of the aviation industry will offer employment to veterans?
- What opportunity will the airlines offer to pilots?
- What ground jobs are available with airline organizations?
- What are the opportunities for disabled airmen?
- How do aviation salaries compare to salaries in other industries?
- What procedure should be followed when selecting a used airplane?
- What are the possibilities in the leader airline business?
- How may a flying club be organized?

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